

CHANDAMAMA

MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG



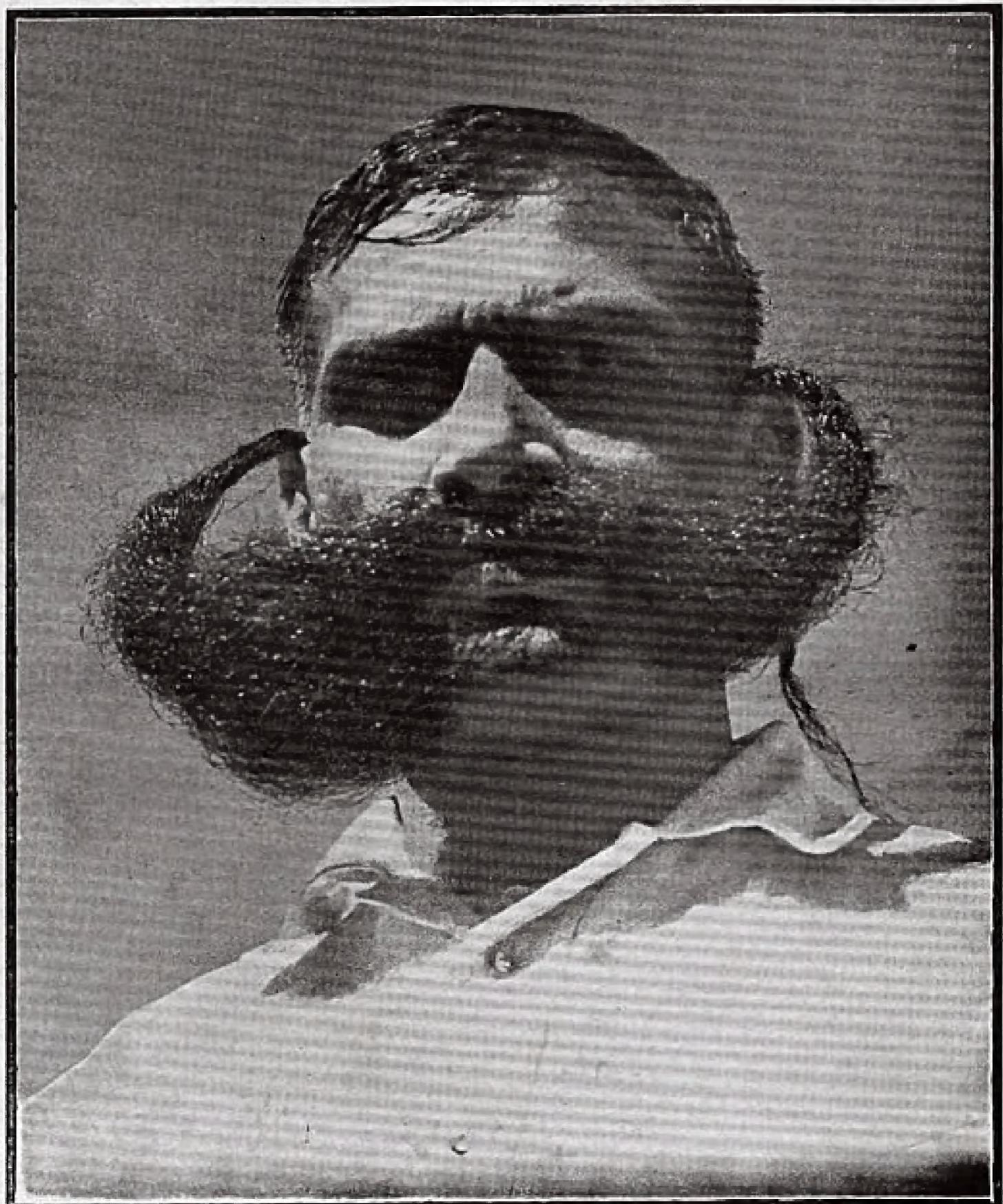
1st Jan. '56



SANK

Chandamama, Jan. '56

Photo by B. Bhansali



Winning
Caption

COUNTRY JURY

2

Contributed by
U. V. Satyanarayana, Vizag



INSANIYAT-
A PICTURE
WITH A
MORAL

EVERYONE SHOULD SEE
INSANIYAT-
A GEM FROM GEMINI

NOW ON SHOW AT ALL IMPORTANT
STATIONS ALL OVER INDIA

CHANDAMAMA

CONTENTS

STORY-POEM	...	2
NOBILITY (JATAKA TALE)	...	5
THE COMET (SERIAL)	...	9
RATNAVATI'S CHOICE	...	17
THE PENALTY	...	24
THE INNOCENT WIFE	...	29
A RIVAL FOR KALIDAS	...	34
THE CUNNING MUZHIK	...	36

★

Other attractions :

HUMOROUS STORIES, PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION, COVER PAGE STORIES, PICTURE STORY ETC.

★

CHANDAMAMA

IN ANY LANGUAGE

SINGLE COPY 0-6-0

YEARLY 4-8-0

Chandamama

HINDI

An illustrated story magazine
for the entire family

★

WITH
52,500 buyers a month
AND
10 times the readership

★

APPROVED FOR SCHOOL
AND LIBRARY USE
by the Directors of Public
Instruction - Madhya Pradesh,
Bhopal, Rajasthan, U. P.,
Bombay, Saurashtra & Delhi

ISSUED IN **8 OTHER LANGUAGES—**
TELUGU, TAMIL, MALAYALAM,
KANNADA, GUJARATI, MARATHI,
ENGLISH & ORIYA

★

Subscribe today

Chandamama Publications

VADAPALANI :: MADRAS - 26



MULTICOLOUR

**PHOTO OFFSET PRINTING
AND
PROCESS BLOCK MAKING**

*

With a 30" x 40" Camera & equipped with the
most up-to-date machinery and ably manned by
TECHNICIANS and ARTISTS
of exquisite calibre is

Prasad Process Ltd.,

CHANDAMAMA BUILDINGS, MADRAS - 26

**THE ONLY CONCERN ENDEAVOURING TO
MAINTAIN THE HIGHEST STANDARD**



Agents Wanted

If there is no agent at your place, you can remit Rs. 2/- and get 7 copies under Small Agency Scheme. You profit As. 10/- by it.

For details write to:

**CHANDAMAMA PUBLICATIONS,
VADAPALANI :: MADRAS-26**

PRESIDENT

*An Asset to
Toilet Table!*

PRESIDENT VEGITABLE HAIR
Oil grows lovely Hair

PRESIDENT SNOW for char-
ming beauty.

PRESIDENT TALCUM POWDER
for beautiful Complexion.



RATHOD TRADING CO · SOWCARPET · MADRAS · I

CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor: CHAKRAPANI

NOBILITY of the soul is the true nobility. It transcends minor and superficial distinctions. But false nobility, the so-called nobility of birth, is a vulgar thing. The vulgarity comes out in the unfair and intolerable behaviour of the "high-born" towards the "low-born".

The Jataka Tale, "Nobility", shows the distinction between the true nobility of the Lion and the false nobility of his mate. The story also demonstrates how the "high-born" can be greatly indebted to the "low-born", and that the one should not look down upon the other.

I JANUARY
1956

VOL. 2
NO. 1

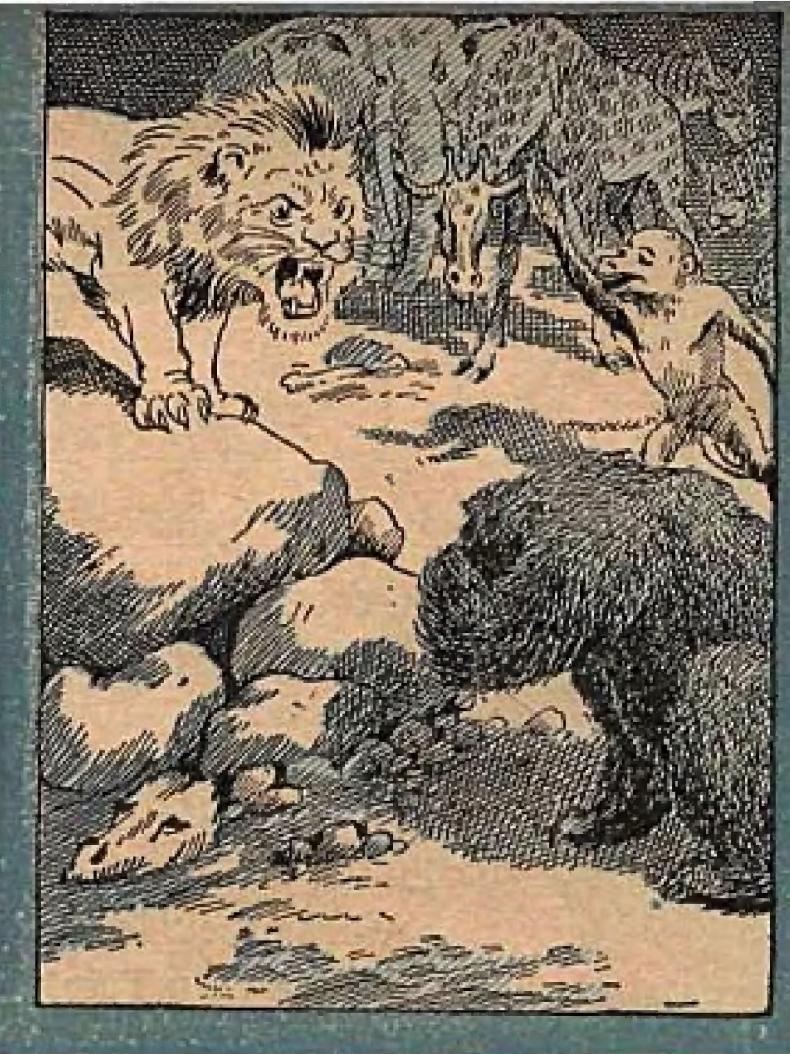


A JUNGLE TALE

*His jungle Majesty
Leo did once
Summon all the beasts
To his august presence.*

*A hasty killer,
His word was law !
He ruled (shall we say ?)
With an iron paw.*

*The beasts of the jungle
Big and small,*

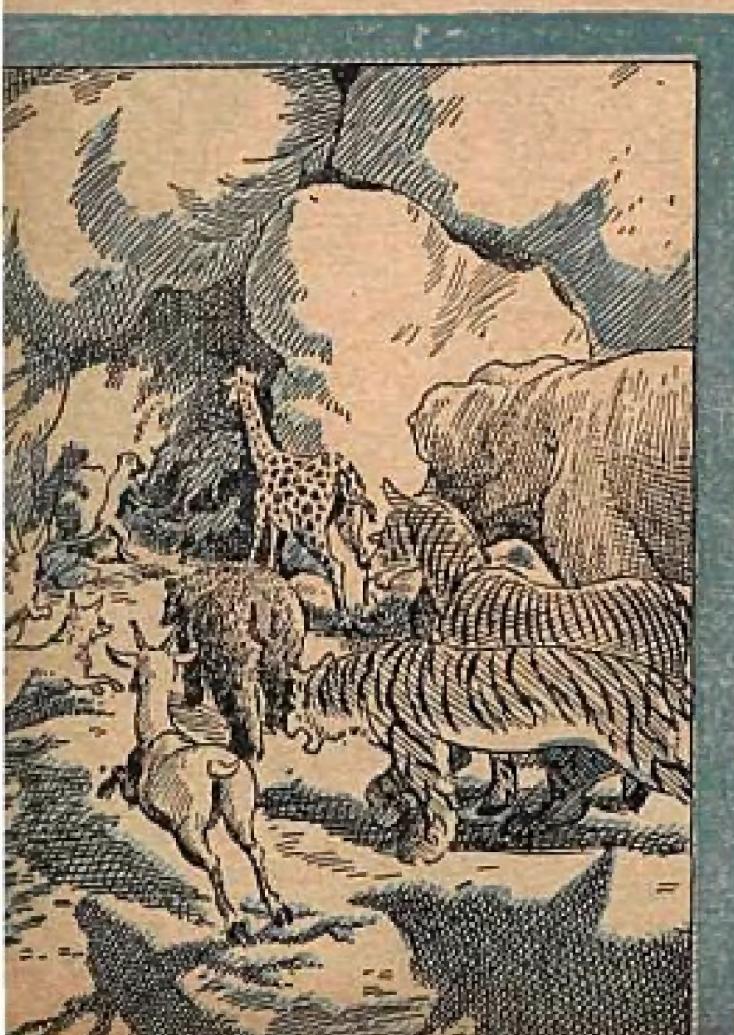


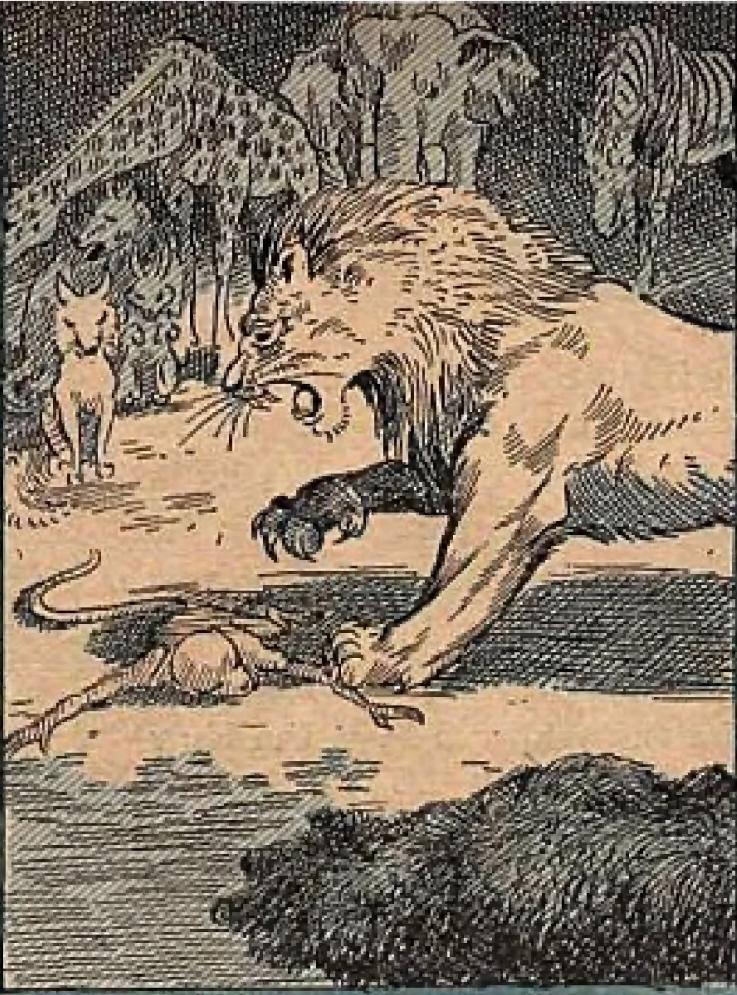
*Thronged the lion's den
obeying his call.*

*Leo was king.
But the den was no palace !
It stank all over
With many a carcass.*

*A bear who could not
Bear the smell
Called the royal
Cave a H—!*

*At once the lion's
Paw descended*





*On the poor beast's head
And thus his life ended.*

*"A little flattery
Perhaps is in order,"
Thought a monkey
And compared the odour*

*To the fragrance
Of jasmine and roses,
While the other animals
Held their noses.*

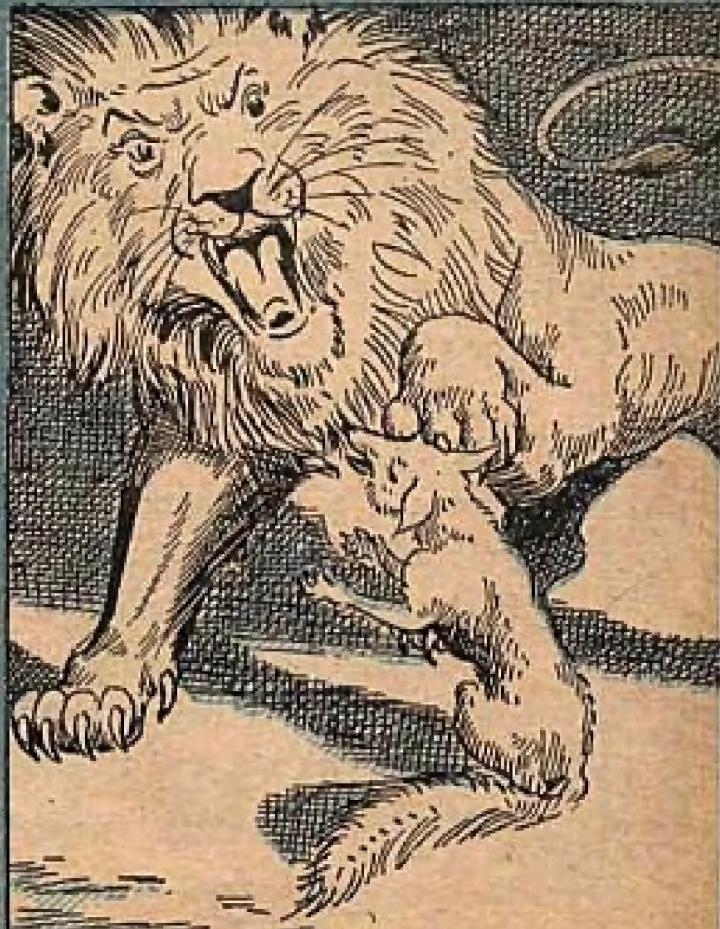
*The monkey was killed ;
The trick did not work !*

Story Poem

*Then the lion asked
A jackal to bark*

*The truth out ! " Huzur !
I've a cold in my head !
The smell eludes me,"
The lying jackal said.*

*His life was spared.
This is the moral therein !
Where might is right
A lie saves your skin.*



THE FRONT COVER

KING Indradyumna did several good works during his lifetime and after his death he was permitted to go to Heaven. There he enjoyed heavenly bliss for a very long time. One could stay in Heaven so long as his good name lasted on earth. At last the gods in Heaven thought that the name of King Indradyumna was quite forgotten on earth and pushed him out.

At that time Markandeya the immortal, was the oldest man on earth. Indradyumna went to him and said, "O sage, I'm King Indradyumna. Have you ever heard about me?" . . .

"No," said Markandeya, "but there is an owl on the Himalaya who is older than I." :) . . .

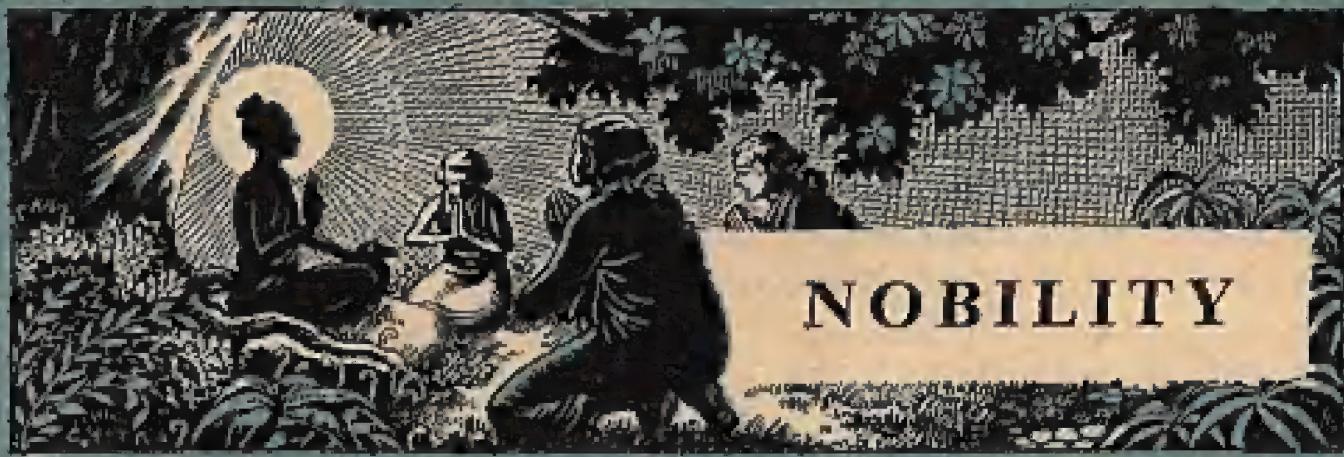
Indradyumna turned himself into a white horse, took Markandeya on his back and went to the Himalaya and saw the owl who was called Pravara-karna.

"Never heard of King Indradyumna," said the owl thoughtfully. "But I do know a lake of that name. It is quite near. And Nadi-jangh the Crane who lives near there is older than I."

So they took the owl along and went to the crane living in the Lake Indradyumna. No, the crane had not heard of King Indradyumna but there was a tortoise inside the lake and he was older than the crane.

The tortoise was called out and he shed tears at the mention of King Indradyumna. "Don't I know him?" he said. "He performed a thousand *yajnas* on this spot. This lake was the result of the stamping of the numberless cows which he had gifted away at the time."

As soon as the tortoise uttered these words the gods of Heaven sent a chariot to bring back King Indradyumna. The king took the crane, the owl and the immortal Markandeya to their respective places and then went back to Heaven in the chariot.



NOBILITY

WHILE Brahma-dutt ruled Banaras, Bodhisatva was born as a lion. The lion used to dwell in a cave with his mate. One day, he stood on top of the hill and looked round for some prey. He saw some hares and deers frisking and playing in a meadow by the side of a pond. The lion gave a roar and ran down the hill towards the meadow. But as he ran past the pond he got stuck in a mire and the creatures playing on the meadow scattered away.

Every time the lion made an effort to get out of the mire he got deeper into it. So he kept quiet, anxiously hoping that some one would come there and rescue

him. For a whole week the lion was in that mire without food and water when he saw a jackal come to the pond to drink water. The jackal too saw the lion in the mire. He got frightened and stopped dead.

"Brother," said the lion to the jackal, "I've been in the mire for a week and I'm dying of hunger. Have pity on me, and get me out of here somehow."

"You say you're hungry," said the jackal. "You may kill me. How can I believe you?"

"Would I kill one who has saved my life? Never!" said the lion. "On the other hand I will be grateful to you for life. Believe me!"

The jackal believed the lion. He brought some dry sticks and threw them in the mire in front of the lion who managed to get a hold on them and come out safe. The lion kept his word to his rescuer. Both of them hunted some animals and filled their bellies.

"We are brothers," the lion said to the jackal. "Let us be equals and live together. Come and live with me in my cave."

The jackal agreed, and came with his mate to live with the lions in their cave. He was flat-

tered by the idea of being equal with the lions but he knew very well of the handicap involved in living away from his own race. The lion too was conscious of the fact that his friend made a great sacrifice in coming to live with him. So he treated the jackal as his equal in every respect and behaved so carefully that the jackal never felt that he was living with his superiors.

But the lion's mate had no such scruples. She looked upon the jackal's mate as her social inferior. Nor did the fox's mate



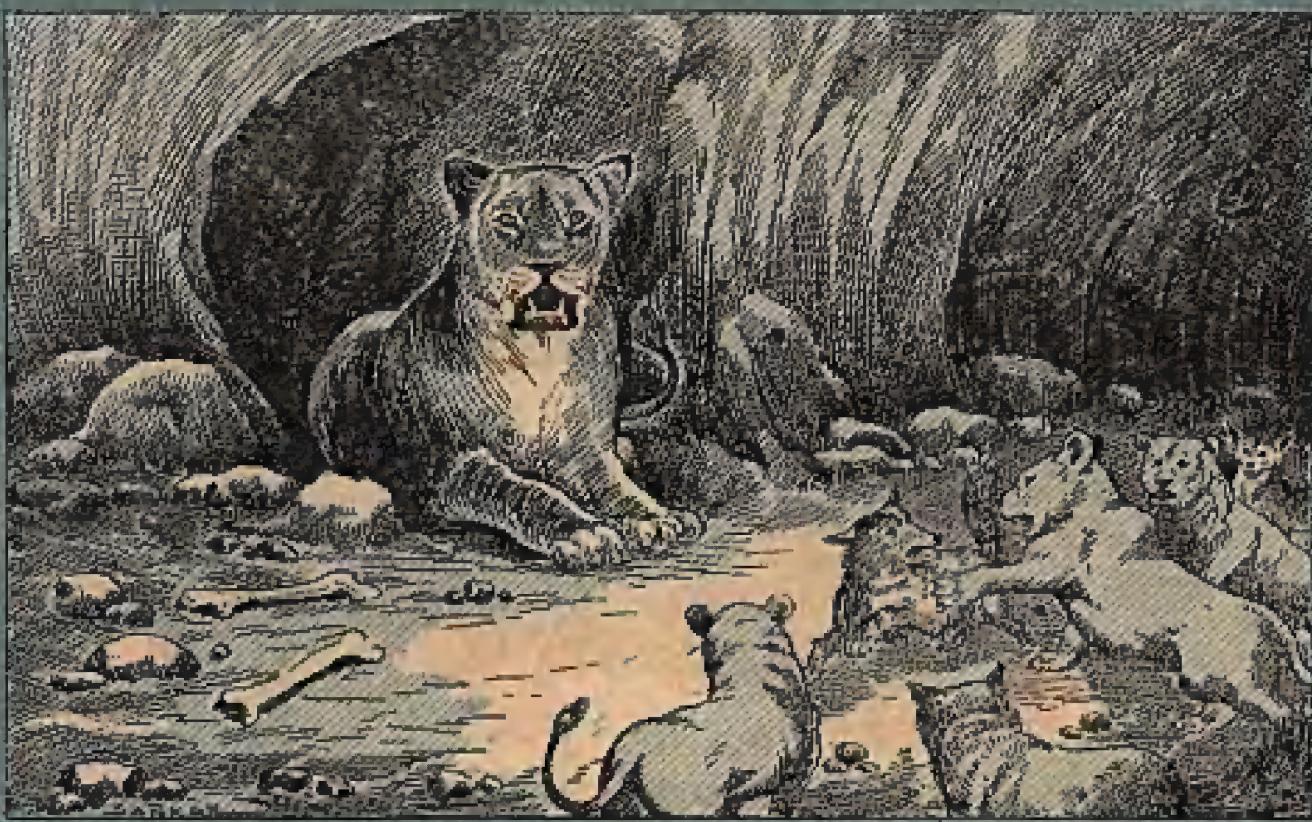
resent it, since she accepted her inferiority.

But the trouble started with the coming of the next generation of lions and jackals. The young ones played with one another as if there was no difference between them, and the lion's mate did not like it at all.

She called her young aside and said to them, "Look, kids! Those foxes are our inferiors. Do not let them play with you as though they are your equals. Let them keep their distance. Do you understand?"

The mother's teaching gradually infected the minds of the innocent cubs. They began to look down upon the young jackals, cheat them at play and tell them, "You shut up! We're your superiors, and you can't talk back to us. Is it not enough that we feed you and support you?"

The jackal's mate was very much hurt by the manner in which the lion's mate instigated her cubs against the young jackals. She told the jackal everything. Then the jackal went to the lion and said to him. "Sir, I am a



common creature while you are of the ruling class. There cannot be anything common between us. It is better that I go back with my family to live amidst creatures of my own race."

The lion was surprised at the sudden change in his friend and asked for the reason. The jackal told him everything. The lion asked his mate, "Is it true that you look down upon the young jackals?"

"Why not?" she retorted. "I certainly resent the idea of the young jackals playing with our young as though they were our equals. That jackal has successfully doped you into thinking that he is your equal, but I'm going to prevent my kids' minds from being poisoned that way."

"Is that so?" said the lion. "Well, let me inform you how the jackal happened to dope me. Do you remember that I didn't come home for a whole week? Well, at that time I was stuck up in a bog without food or water. Just as I was about to die this jackal came along and got me out very cleverly. Had it not been for him I wouldn't have been here, nor the kids. To claim superiority over one who saved you from death is a great crime. Insulting him is insulting your own kith and kin."

On hearing this the lion's mate was so very ashamed of herself that she begged the jackal's mate to pardon her. After that the lions and the jackals lived like equals for seven generations.





7

(Samarsen and his men, who got lost on the Isle of Sorcery and narrowly escaped death in various shapes, at last came upon tracks of human beings. They anxiously followed the tracks for some distance and then, by a stroke of ill luck, lost them altogether.)

SAMARSEN and his men stood beneath the trees, not knowing what to do next. The trees which have been crushed down by the herd of frightened elephants lay pell-mell before them. It was very quiet; even the volcano seemed to have gone to rest.

But in the distance the glare from the burning forest was still visible in the sky. The men were thoroughly depressed. They no

longer had any hope of reaching their ships lying on the east coast. Nor were they quite sure that they were rid of the sorcerers. Danger from wild beasts and the flowing lava was still with them. Even their efforts to reach human habitations were brought to nought by the herd of frightened elephants.

What should be done now? Which way had they to turn? These questions tormented all of



them. Samarsen, in spite of all his mental efforts, was quite at a loss as to what to do.

They were jerked back to life by what sounded like a death-cry. It did not sound like the cry of either One-eye or Four-eyes. It was the cry of man—a human being—in imminent danger.

The men looked at their commander in astonishment. Samarsen drew his sword and said, "Follow me!" He began to run in the direction of the cry. The men too drew their swords and ran behind him. They could

hear the cries nearer and nearer as they ran forward. Soon they reached the spot where a frightful sight awaited them. The initial fear that possessed them when they came upon the scene soon gave way to courage and hope. For, for the first time since they set foot on this beastly island, they were face to face with a living man. But the man was in very grave danger.

The poor fellow was cruelly tied to the forest trees and left there to die. Seeing his helpless condition some wolves had surrounded him. But before they started work on him a tiger in search of food had come there, and a fierce struggle ensued between the wolves and the tiger. In that condition the man began to yell out of terror, and Samarsen and his men were attracted by his cries.

Samarsen displayed great presence of mind. He aimed an arrow carefully and hit the tiger which growled with pain, and fell dead. Samarsen's men rushed forward to deal with the wolves.

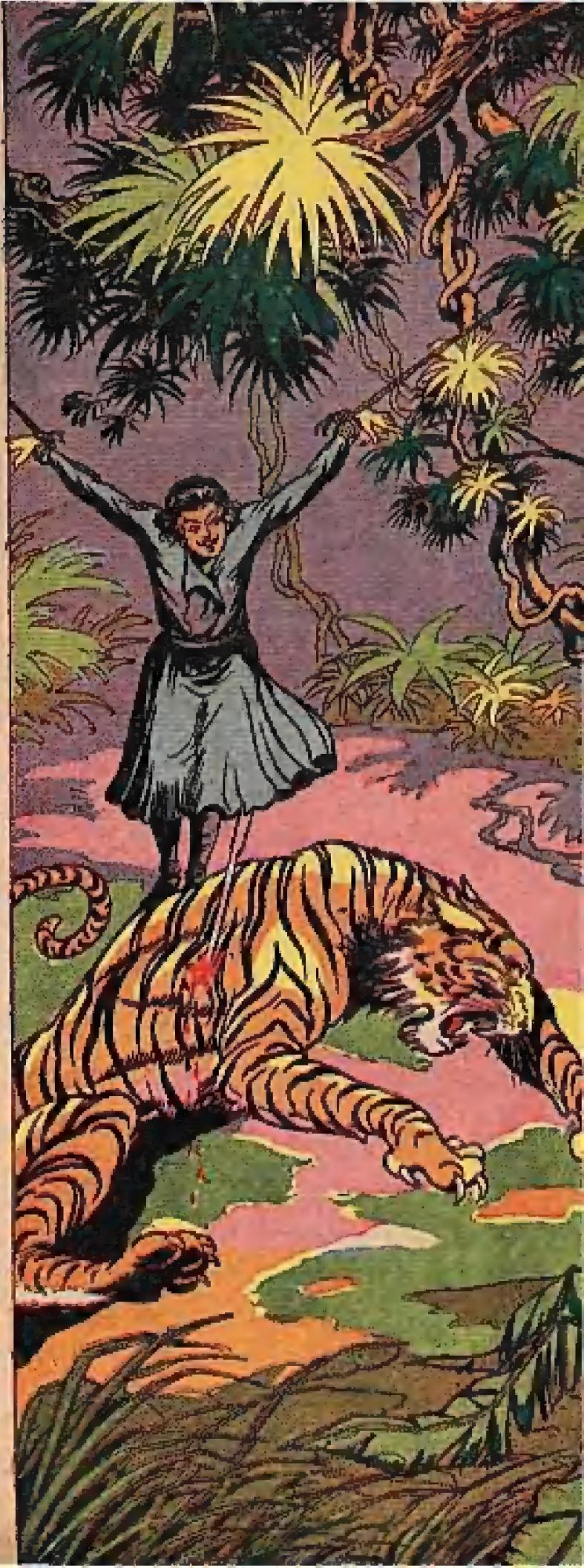
The wolves put up a good fight before they were hacked to pieces. In the meantime Samarsen went to the man, and cut the ropes with which he was tied to the trees.

"You have saved me from sure death," the stranger said. "And I don't know how to thank you. I shall be eternally grateful to you for your kindness." He paid homage to Samarsen and his men.

This man certainly did not belong to the isle. It was evident from his appearance as well as the way of his talk. Samarsen was surprised to see him here. He even suspected that the man was from Kundalini. This was soon proved to be a fact.

"Where are you from?" Samarsen asked and got the reply, "I.... I come from Kundalini. Am I correct in presuming that you are our commander-in-chief, Samarsen?"

This question was the greatest surprise of all. Even Samarsen had not been expecting it. This stranger was surely not one of





the men who came in their ships. How, then, did he come here, and when? The stranger seemed to read these thoughts.

"I remember," he said, "how there was a comet in the sky when you were about to start on your expedition. The court astrologer warned you not to start but you ignored his warning. Soon after your departure there was a cyclone. King Chitrasen was very much worried about you. For a whole week he ordered prayers for your safety, throughout the land.

"All through the week the cyclone raged endlessly. The king lost all hopes of you and so did the people. Everyday thousands of people thronged at the palace and asked for news of their kith and kin who had gone in the vessels.

"The king consulted astrologers, occultists and diviners who told him that part of the expedition was destroyed and the rest had reached a strange island. A conference of the ministers and other officials was held. It was decided that another expedition should be despatched to search for you and go to your help. Kumbhand was entrusted with the leadership of the rescue party."

"Who is this Kumbhand?" asked Samarsen in surprise. "Is he the ruler of the Kumbhand territory?"

"The same," said the other. "It is that very scoundrel who has put me in the peril from which you have rescued me." He ground his teeth in rage at what Kumbhand had done to him.



Samarsen listened to the other man with good deal of curiosity and wonder. Samarsen's men could make neither head nor tail of what the stranger was telling them.

"Well," continued the stranger, "we reached this island soon enough. Our ships dropped anchor on the south coast. Kumbhand took two men with him and went ashore, leaving the rest of us in the ships. We waited for him all that day. He returned alone on the following morning. His first act on returning was to make up a bundle of all our bows and arrows and throw them in the sea. For the life of us, we could not see what he wanted to do that for. Nor did we know what happened to the two men who had gone with him. We did ask him. He said that they were killed by wild people.

"Frankly, we didn't believe him. We asked him why he had to dump all our bows and arrows in the sea. We had the right to know, didn't we? But, no! We had no right to question him, he



said. He was the commander, he said, and he could do what he pleased! It was our duty to obey him."

"Did he throw away his bow and arrows too?" Samarsen asked the man.

"Not he!" replied the other. "He kept his own bow and arrows all right. We couldn't ask him why he kept them. Asking questions was mutiny—that's what he said."

"Soon we saw a lot of wild fellows with spears and lances coming towards us yelling their





CHITRA

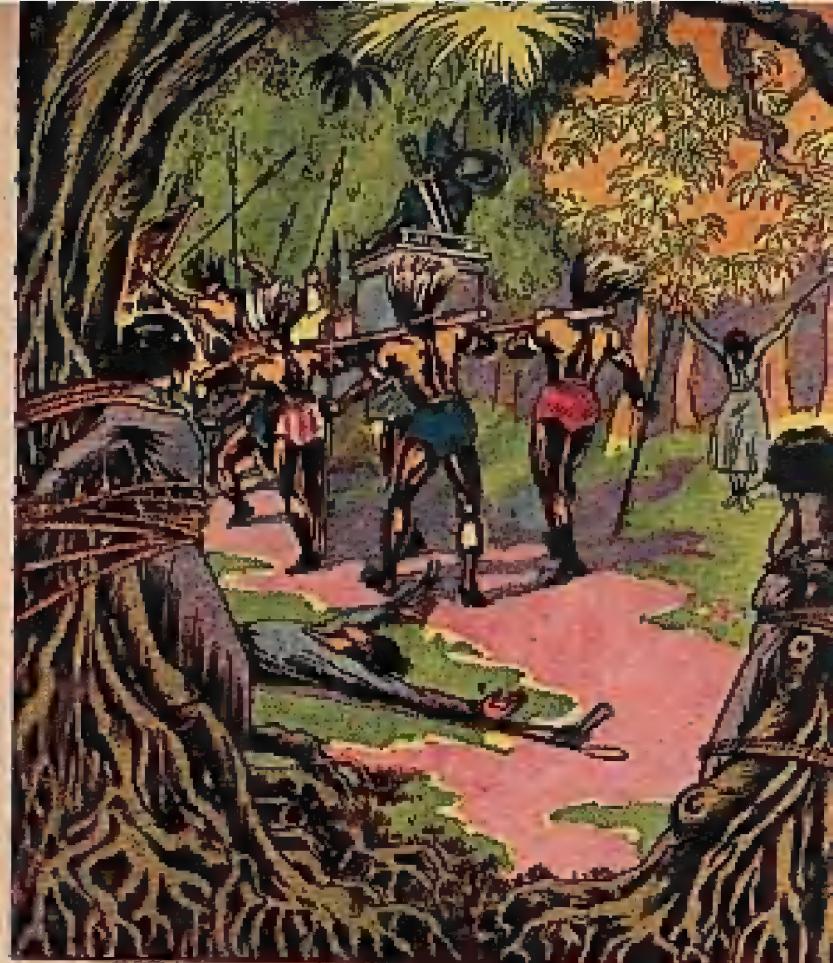


heads off. The yelling was enough to make us sick. We had no bows and no arrows to defend ourselves against them. So we picked up stones and branches of trees for weapons.

"Then comes the real joke. This Kumbhand asks us to surrender to those devils! Honest, that's what he said. And that's what we did too! What else was there for us to do? Some of our men were already lanced and speared to death. How long could we fight with those mad devils, with stones and sticks as our weapons!"

"Strange!" said Samarsen keeping down his indignation. "How did he help you while you were fighting those wild fellows?"

"He just didn't help," the other replied. "When we surrendered we were bound up. Kumbhand was put in a litter and carried by the wild men to their forest camps. While the rest of us became the prisoners of the barbarians, Kumbhand became their chief.



"It was amazing, the way the wild people obeyed Kumbhand. We could not understand how he came to exercise such authority over them."

"I too wonder how he could do it," said Samarsen smiling.

"But we knew the secret after two or three days. You see, those fellows had never seen a bow or arrow in their lifetime. That one could hit something which is very far away was like a miracle to them. Kumbhand showed them that he had the miraculous power of hitting a





bird or beast without running after it or catching up with it. In order to convince them that he was unique in his power he deprived us of our bows and arrows, dumping them in the sea.

"We couldn't guess it at first. But one day we heard the entire forest resounding with their drums. Hundreds of tribesmen from other villages arrived at our camp. There this swine, Kumbhand, made an exhibition of his miraculous powers! With one arrow he brought down an eagle soaring in the sky and with another he killed a stag which was far away.

"The wild brutes who had never known bows and arrows

danced around Kumbhand as though he was a god or something. Kumbhand hopes to become the king of this island with the help of the tribesmen."

"What does he want to rule over?" asked Samarsen. "There are only primitive beasts, volcanoes, a couple of sorcerers and..."

"Sorcerers!" said the stranger in awe. "We heard about them! And we..."

"...can see them too, if you want!" The words hardly stopped echoing in the forest when they saw standing before them Four-eyes, holding his tasselled cap in his hands.

(To be continued)





Ratnavati's Choice

Once again Vikram went back to the tree. He lowered the corpse, took it on his shoulder and began to walk towards the burial ground in silence.

"O King," said Bethal of the corpse, "You, who should be ordering others, do work at another's bidding and my heart melts for you. In order to lighten your burden I will tell you a strange tale." He began the following tale:

Ayodhya was once ruled by a king called Veer-ketu. At one time during his reign, a series of mysterious thefts occurred in several parts of the city day by day.

One day the people went in a deputation to the king, and said to him, "O King, save us from

Stories of Bethal



CHITRA

these mysterious thefts. We made all possible efforts to catch the thieves but failed utterly. What is more strange, no one has been able to set eyes on the thieves though thefts have been occurring every day."

The king assured the people that he would look into the affair and do the needful. Then he called forth the best of his guards and told them to disguise themselves and scour the entire city all the night for the thieves.

The guards tried their best but failed to catch anyone while the

thefts went on occurring. The guards were not able to set eyes on even a single thief.

Only a very uncommon thief could have escaped his guards, and the king decided to deal with the thieves himself. In the darkness of the night the king put on a disguise and went into the streets. As he roamed the city he saw a person moving in a queer manner and approached him.

This person saw the king, and asked him, "Who are you?"

"I'm a thief," the king replied.

"Then you are my comrade. Let's go to my place. I shall treat you like a brother," the other man said.

The king accompanied the thief to his house which was built underground in a secret place. The thief showed the king into a room and went away, promising to return soon. A servant-maid entered the room where the king sat and said to him, "Who are you, sir? You've come to the secret resort of this bandit and you can never leave it alive. Run away at once!"

On the advice of this good woman the king escaped from the place, went back to his palace, took a detachment of armed guards and returned to the place to arrest the thief. A fierce fight ensued between the robber and the king's guards. Though alone the robber fought valiantly and killed several guards before he was defeated by the king and caught prisoner.

The king took him bound hand and foot. He was tried in court. It was established in the trial that this man alone was the author of all the thefts that occurred during several days. All the stolen property was recovered from his secret residence. The king ordered that the thief should be impaled till death.

As the guards took the thief along the streets to carry out the punishment, Ratnavati, the daughter of a millionaire merchant, saw the prisoner, and said to her father, "I want to marry him, father!"

Ratna-dutt, the millionaire, was shocked to hear his daughter



say so. For one thing, she was his only child. Then again, she was so beautiful that sons of multi-millionaires and even princes had sought her hand, and she had refused them all.

"Was it to marry this wretch that you rejected all the princes and rich boys, my daughter?" Ratna-dutt said to his daughter sadly. "Forget him, my dear. They are taking that man for impaling. Soon he will be dead. How can you marry him?"

But Ratnavati refused to listen to him. The irony of it was that

she had refused to listen to her father when he had advised her to accept one or other of the rich and noble suitors in the past.

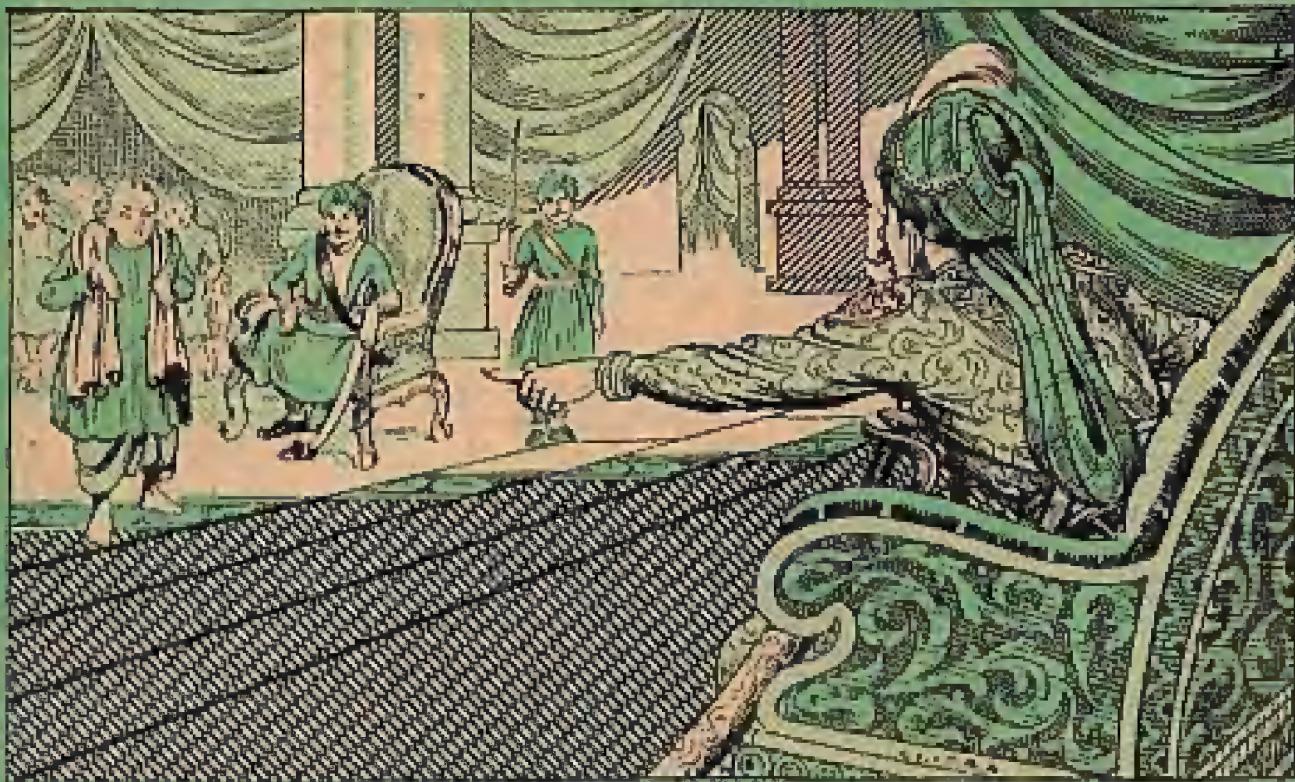
"Let him be a thief and let him be impaled. He is my husband. If you are anxious that I should be married, marry me to him. If it is beyond your capacity I will gladly die with him. Change my mind I cannot!" the girl told her father.

These words were uttered with such determination that the merchant was completely baffled. He ran to the king and said,

"Your Majesty, permit me to buy the thief from you for a thousand million gold pieces. That is all I have."

But the king was not willing to spare a man who robbed the city for so many days with such success. Having failed in his mission Ratna-dutt returned home with a heavy heart. He was surprised to find his daughter already in bridal dress.

"The king would not give up the thief, my child," he told her. "I promised to give him all I have and yet the king turned me



down. The marriage cannot take place as you wish."

"Well," replied Ratnavati, "that means I have to burn with him on the pyre."

Ratnavati got into a palanquin and started for the place of execution. Her parents and her relatives followed her in tears on her last journey. By the time they reached the place the thief had been already impaled and he was about to die.

Ratna-dutt took his daughter to the dying thief and said to him, "Look, son. This is my

daughter who has come determined to marry you."

The thief took one look at the girl. He shed a few tears and then smiled. The next moment he was dead.

Ratnavati got the corpse removed to the burial ground. The funeral pyre was got ready and she mounted it with the corpse.

Kala-bhairav himself was amazed at the devotion of this rich and handsome girl to the man of her choice; and her determination to be burnt alive with



his corpse. He appeared before the girl and said to her, "Child, your devotion is exceptional. Let me grant you whatever you desire most."

"Lord," Ratnavati said, "I'm the only child of my parents. When I die they will weep for me all their lives. Please grant them some sons so that they can forget me."

Kala-bhairav smiled and said, "I grant your wish. But don't you want something for yourself, child?"

"I'm dying with my husband. What more do I want?" Ratnavati replied.

"Let me make you live with him," said Kala-bhairav, disarming. The next moment the thief sat up as though he never died. The merchant took his

daughter and the thief to his house and married them.

Bethal finished the story and said to Vikram, "O King, why did the thief shed tears first and later smile when he heard that Ratnavati desired to marry him when he was on the point of dying? If you know the answer and still do not reply your head will be split."

"The thief first shed tears of remorse," Vikram replied, "because he was dying without repaying this unforeseen charity. Then he smiled at the idea of a rich and beautiful girl falling in love with him after rejecting all the princes and rich young men in the land."

Since the king's silence was broken Bethal disappeared with the corpse and returned to the tree



THE PAN THAT DIED

ONCE Goha wanted to eat some preparations which required frying. He borrowed a neighbour's pan for this purpose. After he finished with it Goha sent back the neighbour's pan along with a smaller pan placed in it.

The neighbour was surprised to see an extra pan in his own. He came to Goha and said, "How is it, Goha, you borrowed my pan, but when you returned there was a smaller pan in it?"

"I know nothing about it, friend," said Goha. "Possibly your pan has borne a child." The neighbour went away satisfied with this explanation.

Later Goha once again borrowed the pan from his neighbour who gave it willingly. But this time Goha did not return the pan. The neighbour waited a long time and then went to Goha.

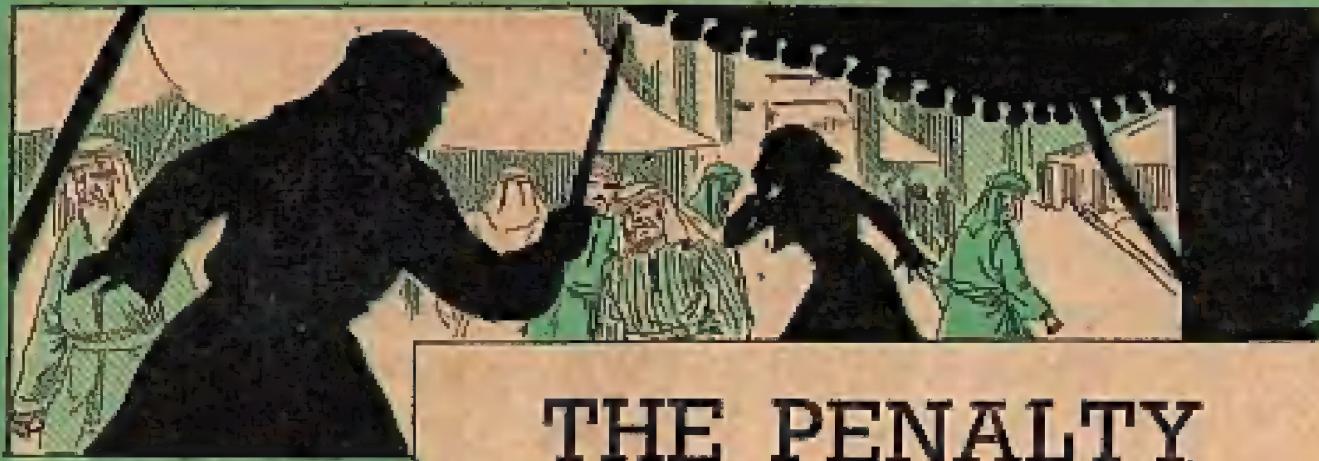
"My friend, I know my pan is safe with you, but I happen to need it. Can I have it back," he asked Goha.

"Pan? What pan?" Goha asked in surprise.

"Why," said the neighbour, "the one which bore a child that time."

"Ah, friend," Goha said sighing. "You know that which is born is destined to die. Your poor pan was dead long ago!"





THE PENALTY

IN the city of Cairo there was once a jewellery merchant who was a mere youth. His customers were mostly women and he was greatly afraid of falling victim to their guile. He avoided even looking at women and everybody thought he was a very virtuous lad.

One day a Negro slave-girl came to his shop and asked him, "Does this shop belong to so-and-so? Are you the owner?"

* Then she secretly slipped a note into his hand. When the merchant read the note he was both surprised and angry. For, the note contained a love-poem composed by some girl who put her name in the last stanza.

The jeweller tore up the poem in indignation. He abused the

slave-girl for having brought such a message and drove her out of his shop. Those who witnessed this scene praised him for his moral sense.

Two or three years went by. The jeweller's attitude to women changed slightly. He now wanted to find a nice girl for a wife. So he began to observe his women customers closely in order to see if any of them had the three qualities of beauty, grace and wisdom.

One day he found an extremely beautiful girl enter his shop accompanied by five or six white slaves. "Can you show me some nice ornaments?" the girl asked him. She wanted him to show her some golden anklets. But seeing that the girl had very tiny

feet the jeweller said, "I'm sorry, madam. The smallest anklet I have will be too loose for your foot."

"You don't say!" the girl said as if surprised. "But I am told that my feet are like those of an elephant".

"They lie, madam," said the jeweller in indignation. "Your feet are tiny like very small doves!"

"Well, show me some bangles," the girl asked him. But when the slaves moved up the sleeves of the girl and showed him her hands, the jeweller was amazed at their small size.

"Madam," he said in admiration and helplessness. "I've not even a single pair of bangles small enough for your tiny hands."

"Sir, you flatter me," the girl said coldly. "I am told that my hands rival the trunks of elephants and my fingers are like plantains."

"Utter lies, madam," the jeweller protested. "You are very beautiful, the most beautiful



woman on earth. If only you consent to marry me I shall be the happiest of men!" He knelt at her feet, and began to weep.

The girl smiled. "My father is quite prejudiced about me. He tells me that I have coarse hair, an ugly face full of pock-marks and irregular teeth. He tells me that none will marry me! I am very happy indeed to learn from you that I am not very ugly," she said.

"Madam," said the jeweller, "your father must be mad. Tell me who he is, and I will swear

to him that I shall marry you." "He is Shaik al-Islam. He is quite famous among the merchants of this city. If you propose to marry me, he will not readily consent. He will try to frighten you with descriptions of my ugliness. You must tell him that you are willing to marry me in spite of all he says," the girl told him.

"When shall I see him?" the jeweller asked the girl.

"At ten, tomorrow," said the girl. Then she departed with her slaves.

Next morning at ten o'clock the jeweller went to see Shaik al-Islam.

"You don't appear to know my daughter, my boy," al-Islam said after hearing the jeweller. "She is an unfortunate girl, ugly enough to haunt your dreams." Then he went on to describe how horribly ugly his daughter was. But the jeweller kept on saying, "I don't mind it in the least!"

When the aged merchant finished describing his daughter he consented to give her in marriage



to the jeweller. The young man drew up a declaration of marriage which was duly witnessed. The declaration said that the bridegroom was ready to accept the bride with all her defects and deformities and, in case he wanted to divorce her, he had to pay an alimony of twenty thousand dinars of gold.

"The bride is bed-ridden," said all-Islam. "She cannot be moved. The marriage shall take place here at my house."

After the marriage the jeweller anxiously went to his wife in her bed-chamber and removed the veil from her face. Then he stood petrified because the bride was ugly. She was not at all the girl who had come to his shop.

The poor fellow could not imagine why such a calamity had to befall him. Without another look at his bride he returned home. The next morning, as he was sitting, sadly brooding over his fate, the beautiful girl again came to his shop and said, "Hail to the Bridegroom! May Allah bless his marriage!"



Then the jeweller began to curse her heartily. The girl pretended to be surprised. "Have you forgotten my poem and my negro slave whom you have insulted?" Then she got up to go away. But the young man fell at her feet and said, "I was a fool. Please get me out of this mess!"

She took pity on him and told him a plan. Then the jeweller made certain arrangements along the lines indicated by her and went to his father-in-law's house.

There he sat with the old man on the veranda when the main

gate was flown open and a lot of nasty persons entered the compound. All the scum of Cairo appeared to be there beating drums, whistling, doing acrobatics, and performing with monkeys and bears. The din they made was insufferable.

Al-Islam stood up and shouted, "Stop that noise! What's all this?" But those fellows did not stop their din until the jeweller gave them the signal.

"My dear father-in-law," he said to al-Islam, "these are my relatives and kinsmen. Having learnt that I got married they have come to celebrate and rejoice."

"These your relatives!" said al-Islam turning pale. "If I knew it I would not have given my daughter to you!"

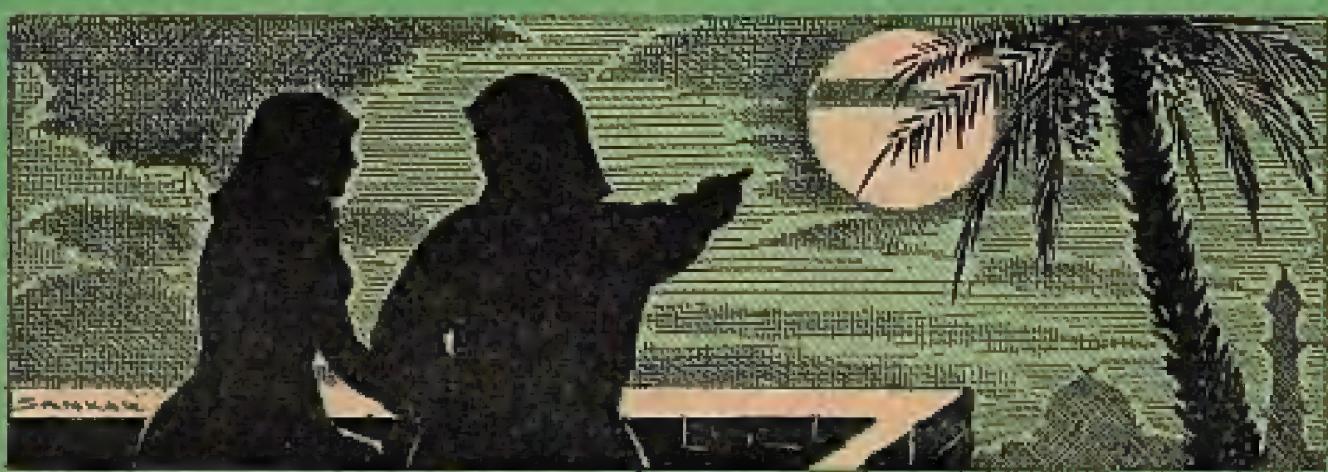
"Had you asked me I would have told you," the jeweller said.

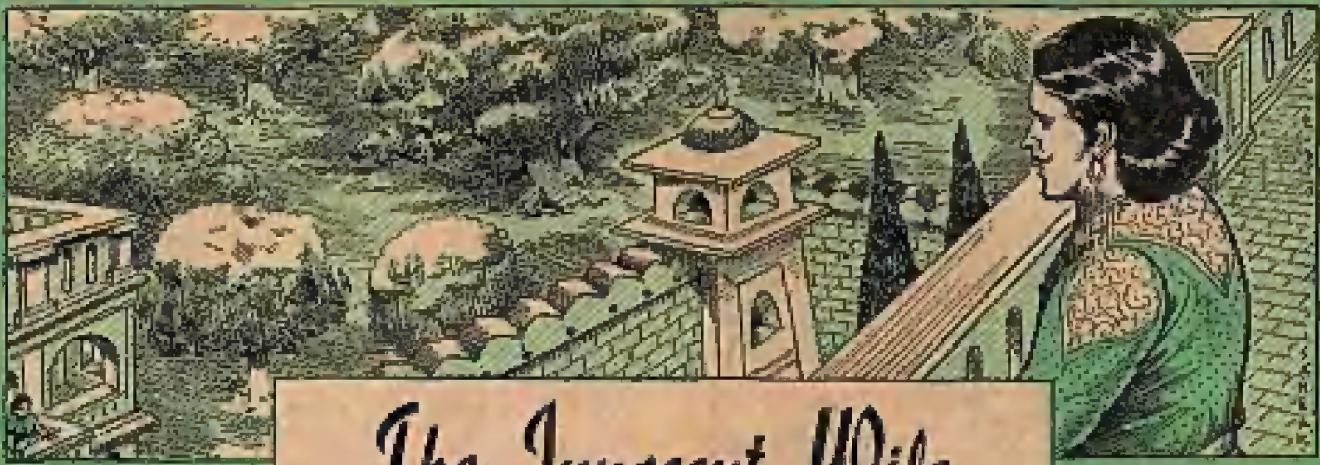
"You should have told me about it without my asking," al-Islam said. "Your declaration is null and void. I shall not consider it as valid."

"Oh, no!" said the jeweller. "I shall not give up my dear wife. I shall see how you can separate us."

Now al-Islam began to beg the jeweller humbly. "My dear boy, consider my reputation. Divorce my daughter and Allah will bless you!"

Thus the unfortunate jeweller managed to get out of his thoughtless marriage. Later he married the girl whom he loved. His joy knew no bounds when he learnt that his wife was closely related to the Sultan of Cairo.





The Innocent Wife

THE king of Avanti was taking the air, one evening, on the terrace of his palace when he saw a very attractive woman standing on top of the house opposite. The king was both virtuous and just but the sight of this woman filled his heart with unholy desire.

He called some servants and inquired as to who lived in the house opposite.

"Your Majesty," said the servants, "one of your courtiers, called Bhadra, lives in that house."

"Send Bhadra to me at once," the king told them.

When Bhadra stood before him, the king handed him a letter,

saying, "you must deliver this letter to so-and-so at such-and-such place and bring back the reply. Start at dawn tomorrow."

"Very well, Your Majesty," said Bhadra. He took the letter and went home.

Next morning the king waited till Bhadra started on his journey, and then went to Bhadra's house all by himself.

Bhadra's wife received the king with all honours, and said, "You are our king, but only God is our protector."

"Why do you say that?" the king asked her in surprise.

"Because I know why you have come," she replied. "But



I cannot understand one thing ; your table is richly served, and yet your eyes turn to the leavings on other tables. How is it ? ”

The reprimand was as gentle as it was severe. The king was grievously hurt. He at once got up and went back to his palace, forgetting to wear his shoes in his haste.

In the meantime Bhadra found that he had forgotten to take the king's letter with him. He turned his horse back, and returned home. As he went in he saw the

king's shoes. He knew why the king had selected him for the journey. He did not care to see his wife. He took the forgotten letter and once more started upon his journey.

He went to the place where he had to go, gave the letter to those for whom it was intended, took the reply and handed it over to the king. The king paid him a hundred pieces of gold and sent him away.

Bhadra took the gold to a goldsmith and bought ornaments which he brought home and gave to his wife. When she put them on she looked twice as beautiful as ever.

“ This is the result of the king's favour,” Bhadra said to his wife. “ Wear them and go to your people.”

“ Why should I go to my people ? ” Bhadra's wife asked.

“ Why not ? ” Bhadra said. “ Let everyone know how kindly the king is disposed towards us.”

"Well then, I shall go," said the wife. She then went away to her father's place.

She remained there a whole month. But Bhadra did not go there to bring her back. He did not send anyone either. Nor did he send word about himself.

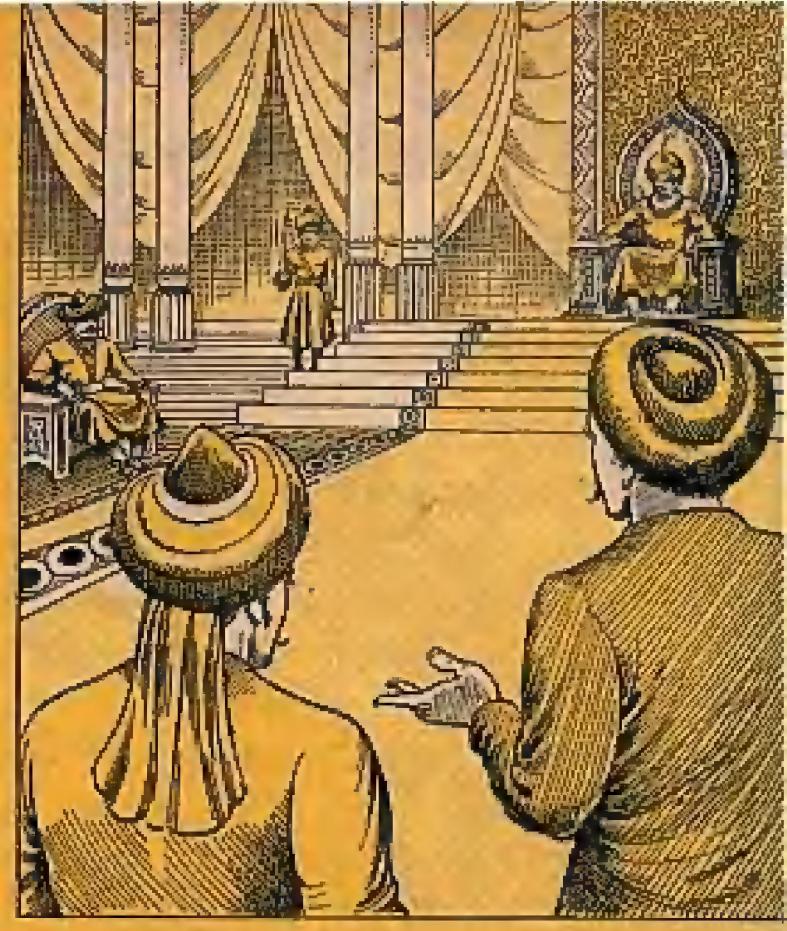
On the expiry of a month his brother-in-law came to see Bhadra. They had a prolonged discussion. He understood that Bhadra intended to forsake his wife. He got very angry.

"I am not a man of many words," he told Bhadra. "Do you intend to take back your wife, or do you want me to lodge a complaint with the king?"

"If you want the entire court to know that your sister is abandoned by her husband, complain to the king by all means," Bhadra told him.

"Don't worry," the brother-in-law retorted. "I know how to word the complaint."

Some days later Bhadra was summoned to court. The king was on the throne and near him was the judge. The judge called



upon Bhadra's brother-in-law to present his complaint to the court.

"I want justice, your Honour," the plaintiff said. "We had a lovely garden. We put up high walls and protected this garden with our very lives. When the garden was in full bloom we handed it over to this Bhadra and asked him to look after it well and enjoy the fruit thereof. Bhadra who enjoyed it for some time, pulled down the walls, left it to the four winds, and gave up his responsibility without any reason. He now says that he has

no more use with the garden and he wants us to take it back. Is it just?"

"What do you say to this charge?" the judge asked Bhadra.

"It is true, Your Honour," Bhadra said, "that I first took the garden and later abandoned it. But I did it neither wilfully nor under compulsion. What happened was, when I went into it one day I saw the lion's footprints there. I came to the conclusion that the garden was no longer safe for me. What with my respect for the lion and consideration for my own safety I had to abandon the garden. I would like to know wherein lies my guilt."

The king who had been listening to the proceedings all the time now spoke up turning to Bhadra.

"Bhadra," he said, "It seems to me that you made a mistake. I happen to know about this garden. It is possible that the lion strayed into the garden by mistake. But, believe me, he had found nothing of use in it, and must have realised that it was no place for him. He went away immediately, without touching a single flower or tiny leaf. It was quite wrong of you to have abandoned the garden you loved so much for fear of the lion. I suggest that you make your peace with your brother-in-law and take back the garden."

Bhadra and none else in the court understood what the king said. Bhadra was very happy to hear the king say what he said. He brought back his wife and lived happily with her.



TEACHING AN ASS

A certain person arrived at a certain town from a far-off place. He claimed that he was a pandit and that he could educate even the dullest.

In course of time the king heard about him and sent for him.

"Is it true," the king asked the pandit, "that you claim to educate even the densest idiot?"

"Yes, Your Highness," the man replied. "If I am paid adequately I can teach even an ass to recite the scriptures."



"Done!" said the king. "Teach the ass in our palace compound to recite the scriptures. How much do you expect to be paid?"

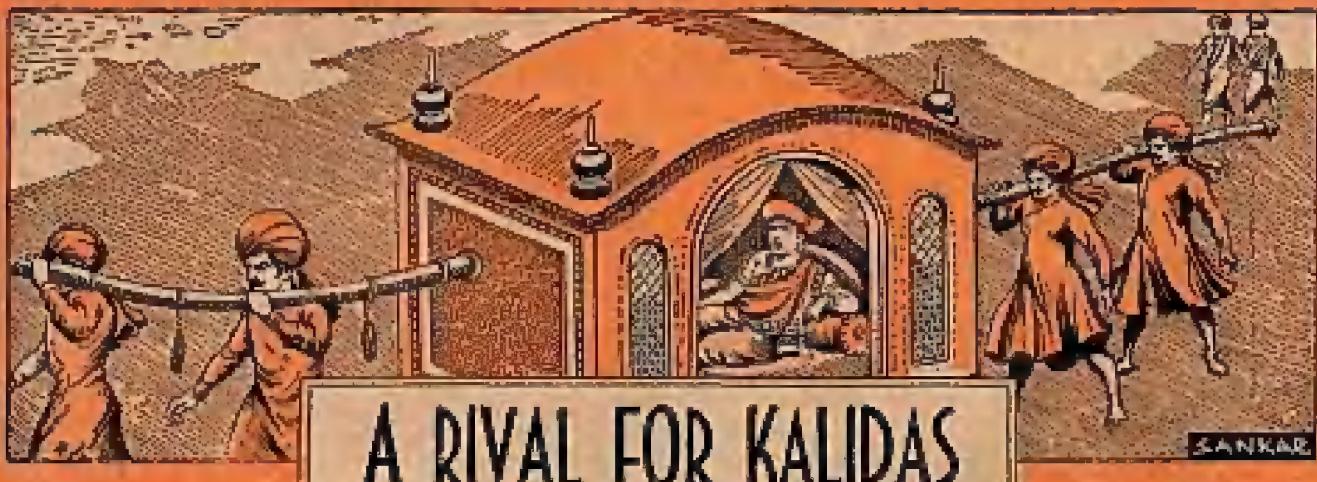
"Your Highness," said the pandit, "give me ten years and a thousand silver coins a month, I shall do it."

"Mind you," said the king, "if the ass doesn't recite the scriptures after ten years I shall chop your head off."

"Agreed!" said the pandit. The king engaged him as a tutor to the palace ass.

"Ah, my friend," said one of the well-wishers of the pandit, "you have limited your life to ten more years. You know that an ass cannot recite scriptures even in a hundred years."

"Don't worry, my friend," the pandit replied. "What certainty is there that I, the ass and the king will all be alive for the next ten years?"



A RIVAL FOR KALIDAS

IN Avanti there was a poet called Hem-chandra. He was a rich man too. He heard about the greatness of Kalidas and his eminent position at the court of King Bhoja. He decided to defeat Kalidas and become the Lion of Bhoja's court.

So Hem-chandra rode in his palanquin all the way from Avanti to Dhara, followed by a large retinue. At Dhara he put up in a choultry. News of this would-be conqueror spread all over the city and reached the ears of Kalidas.

Kalidas wanted to ascertain how much of a scholar Hem-chandra was. He dressed himself like a working man and went to the choultry where Hem-chandra was lodging.

Shortly afterwards, Hem-chandra came out and called the bearers as he wanted to go somewhere. Kalidas stepped forward along with the others. As Hem-chandra got into the palanquin Kalidas managed to take his position as one of the bearers in the front.

The palanquin moved forward. Kalidas, who was not accustomed to this sort of work, constantly changed the weight from one shoulder to another. Seeing this Hem-chandra asked him :

“अय मादोलिका दंडः स्वंधे कि तव याघति ?”

(Does the palanquin-support hurt your shoulders?)

In saying this Hem-chandra committed a grammatical blunder. Kalidas who noticed it replied :

“न बाधते तथा मां हि यथा बाधति बाधते।”
(It does not hurt me as badly as your bad grammar does.)

Hem-chandra was surprised at this. Could a mere bearer talk of grammar to a poet like himself? “Well, my man,” he said to Kalidas. “Who taught you grammar?”

“Sir,” replied Kalidas, “I am no scholar. I am the palanquin-bearer of Kalidas. When he teaches his pupils I chance to hear a thing or two.”

On hearing this Hem-chandra thought it would be worth his while to meet Kalidas in person and make sure of his worth.

Kalidas expected Hem-chandra to come and see him, and returned home. He then dressed himself like a servant and waited for the guest.

Soon Hem-chandra arrived and asked him, “Is Kalidas at home?” And Kalidas replied:

“नवलीन खलीन सीम्या
नमय जुञ्जमय जबद्यं
निरणा दुरगारिहसा
पुर गारुदमत गोपुरा दृवहिः”

(Mounted on a new horse, with reins in his hands moving up and down, he rode past the emerald tower in the city with the speed of an eagle.)

The meaning of the verse was quite simple but the cadence and rhythm of the composition were so exquisite that Hem-chandra was astonished. If the servant at the door of Kalidas’ house was such a magnificent poet, he had pretty little chance of defeating Kalidas. That very day Hem-chandra left Dhara and returned to Avanti.





ONCE there was an old woman who had two sons. One died, and the other went off to a far country. He had not been gone three days when a soldier came to the old woman and said:

"Let me in for the night, Granny."

"Come in, my good man. Where are you from?"

"I'm from the Other World."

"Think of that! My boy died not so long ago. You didn't see him there by any chance, did you?"

"Yes, I did. He and I shared the same room."

"Think of that!"

"He is herding cranes in the Other World, Granny."

"Ah, poor lad, it must be a worrisome job."

"That it is, Granny. You know what cranes are—for ever straying among the briars."

"And he's out at elbows and heels, I'll be bound?"

"You'd be surprised how ragged he is."

"I have some forty yards of cloth, my good man, and about ten roubles of money. Take it to my son."

"With pleasure, Granny."

Some time after that the old woman's son returned from his travels.

"Good day, Mother."

"Good day, son. A man from the Other World came here while you were away. He told me all about your dead brother. This man shared a room with him in the Other World. I gave him a roll of cloth and ten rubles to take to your dead brother."

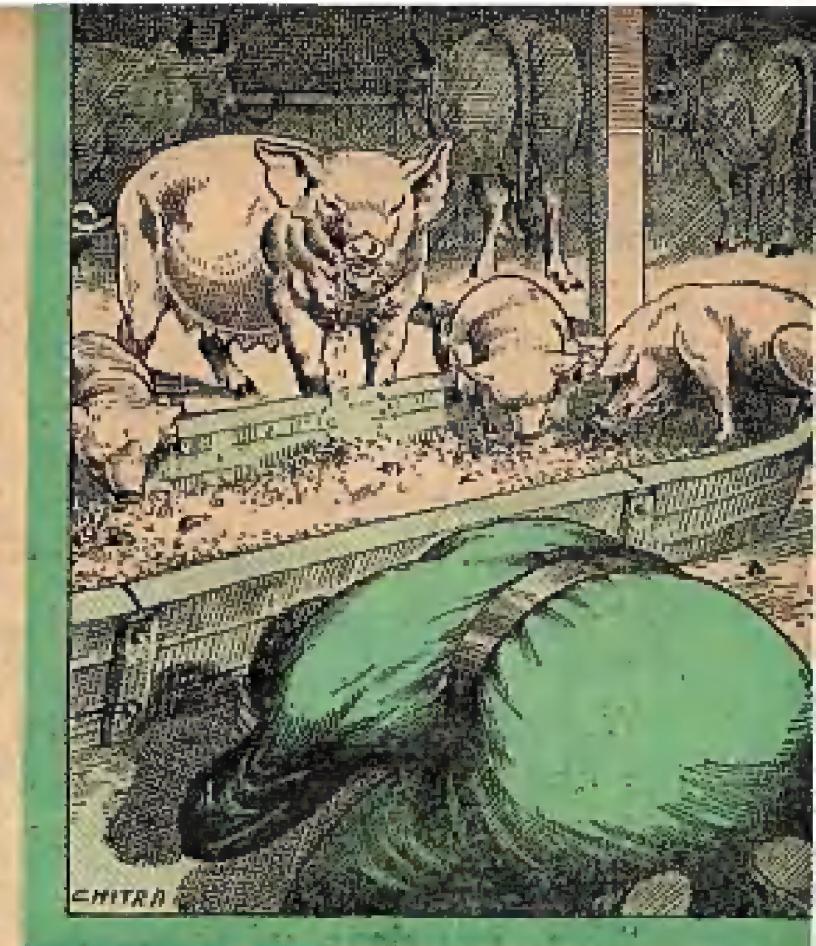
"Well, if that's how it is, then farewell, Mother," said her son. "I'm going out into the wide world, and if I find a greater fool than you I shall come back. If not, I shall stay away."

And he turned and was gone.

He came to a village and stopped near the barnyard of a lord's mansion where a sow was browsing with her litter. The Muzhik went down on his knees and bowed to the ground before the sow. The lady saw this from a window and said to her maid:

"Go and ask that Muzhik what he is bowing for."

The maid went and said: "What are you kneeling for, Muzhik,



and why are you bowing to our sow?"

"Good woman, tell the lady your sow is thin, she's my wife's next of kin, so I am asking her to my son's wedding tomorrow. Will she let the sow come and be the matron of honour and her piglets the brides-maids?"

When the lady heard this she said to her maid:

"What a fool to invite a sow and her litter to a wedding! Very well, let people laugh at

him. Dress the sow in my fur coat and have a pair of horses put to a carriage. They shall ride to the wedding in state."

So they harnessed the horses to a carriage, seated the sow and her piglets in it, and gave the turn-out to the peasant. He got in and rode back.

When the Lord came home (he had been out hunting), his wife met him, holding her sides with laughter.

"Oh, my dear, what a good laugh you have missed! There was a Muzhik here and he bowed

to our sow. 'Your sow,' he says, 'is thin, she's my wife's next of kin,' so he asked for her to be the matron of honour and the piglets the bridesmaids at his son's wedding."

"I know what you did," said the lord. "You gave him the pig and the litter, didn't you?"

"I did, my sweet. I dressed the sow up in my fur coat and gave him a carriage with a pair of horses besides."

"Where does that Muzhik come from?"

"I don't know, love."



CHITRA

"It turns out that you're the fool, not he!"

The lord was angry with his wife for letting herself be fooled, and he ran out of the house, jumped on to his horse and galloped after the Muzhik. The Muzhik heard someone coming after him, so he turned the horses and the carriage into a thick forest and left them there. Then he took off his cap, put it on the ground and sat down next to it.

"Hey, you with the hat!" shouted the lord. "Have you

seen a Muzhik hereabouts with a pair of horses and a sow with piglets in the carriage?"

"Yes, sir, I have. It's hours since he rode by."

"Which way did he go? I've got to catch him."

"He'll take plenty of catching. It's a good long way; you may go astray. Do you know these parts well?"

"Look here, my good fellow, go and catch that Muzhik for me."

"No, sir, that I cannot. I have a falcon sitting under my hat here."



"I will look after your falcon for you."

"Mind you don't let it out. It is a valuable bird. My master will make my life a burden to me if I lose it."

"How much is it worth?"

"All of three hundred rubles."

"Do not fear if I lose it, I will pay you for it."

"Fine words butter no parsnips, sir."

"I see that you do not trust me. Here, take three hundred rubles to be on the safe side."

The Muzhik took the money, got on to the gentleman's horse and galloped off into the woods, while the lord stayed behind to guard the empty hat. He sat there waiting for hours on end. The sun began to set, but still

there was no sign of the Muzhik.

"Here, let me see if there is any falcon under this hat. If there is, he will come back, if there is not, it is no use waiting for him."

He lifted the hat, but there was no falcon under it.

"The rascal! It must have been the same Muzhik who fooled my lady."

He spat in disgust and footed it home. The Muzhik had reached home long before then.

"Well, Mother," he said to the old woman, "let us live together. You are not the most foolish person in the world by far. Look, they have given me three horses and a carriage, three hundred roubles and a sow with her litter—and all for nothing."



A SHREWD DOCTOR

A daughter was born to a king. Besides being a fool, the king had aversion to female children. He thought the baby would take too long a time to grow up, get married and go to live with her husband. So he announced a prize of a lakh rupees to any doctor who could make his daughter grow up at once into a woman, by the help of herbs or drugs.

The doctors had a hearty laugh over the king's announcement. Only one doctor did not laugh. He went to the king and said, "Sire, I can make the baby attain womanhood. Give me a lakh."

"How long will you treat her?" the king asked the doctor.

"The requisite herb must be got from beyond the seven seas. It will take time to get it. But as soon as I have it in my hand I can start the treatment."

"All right," said the king. "You can keep the child with you."

Some years went by. The king sent for the doctor and asked him, "Have you started treatment?"

"Sire, my men haven't come back with the herb. I'm expecting them any day," the doctor replied.

Some more years passed and the king's daughter attained womanhood. The doctor took her to the king and said, "Sire, my treatment is successful and here is your daughter, grown up!"



HOW THE POOR MAN DINED WITH HIS LORD

ON a bright Sunday morning some peasants sat on the door-step, chatting about their affairs.

The village shopkeeper went up to them and began to boast that he was this, that and the other, and had been in the lord's own chambers.

One of the peasants, the poorest of the lot, sat and scoffed.

"Pooh, that's nothing, I could *dine* with the lord if I wanted to."

"What—you dine with the lord? Never in all your life!" cried the rich shopkeeper.

"But I will, just to prove it."

"No you won't."

They argued on until the poor man said :

"Let us lay a wager. If I dine with the lord, I win your black and your bay; If I do not, I shall work three years for you for nothing."

The shopkeeper was mighty pleased.

"Very well. I bet you my black and my bay with a calf thrown in for good measure. Let these good men stand witness"

And they shook hands on it before the witnesses.

The poor man went to the lord.

"I should like to ask you in secret—what might be the cost of a gold nugget the size of my cap?"

The lord said nothing. He just clapped his hands.

"Ho there! A drink for this man and myself! Be quick about it. And serve us dinner too. Sit down, sit down, my man, make yourself at home. Help yourself to all that is on the table!"

The lord treated the poor man as he would an honoured guest, and all the time he was agog with impatience. There was nothing he wanted so much as to lay hands on that gold nugget.

"Now, my man, go quickly and fetch the nugget. I will give you a *pood* of flour and a piece of silver for it."

"But I haven't got any nugget. I was just asking what a nugget the size of my cap would be worth."

The lord flew into a rage.

"Get out, you fool!"

"How can I be a fool when you yourself have treated me as such an honoured guest and the shopkeeper owes me two horses and a calf for this same dinner?"

And the peasant went home happy as a lark.

SELF-EVIDENT

ONE day some villagers gathered together and began to discuss one of their friends. Several of them praised him for his good points. At last one person said, "He is a fine fellow. There is no doubt about it. But he has two faults."

"What are they?" the others asked him.

"He is too easily excitable and when irritated he is too rash."

Unfortunately the man who was being discussed arrived there in time to hear the last remark. At once he flew at the critic, caught him by the throat and, grinding his teeth, said, "You worthless scoundrel! How dare you accuse me of irritability and rashness! I'll wring your neck."

The others interfered and made peace between them by saying, "Have you not amply demonstrated that you deserve the criticism?"





MAGIC

A CLAIRVOYANCE TRICK

ONE of the magician's pretty assistants is sitting on an ordinary chair in the centre of the stage. She is blindfolded by one member of the audience with his own handkerchief so that she cannot have any chance of seeing in any way whatsoever. Now the magician holds forth about clairvoyance or "cler-vision" stating that his assistant can see everything even when her eyes are thoroughly bandaged and plastered. This he attributes to her cler-vision power through a highly developed sixth sense. Next he goes to the auditorium and collects about thirty different handkerchiefs of different colour and size. These are kept in a borrowed hat and are

thoroughly mixed up. The hat is then kept on the magician's table.

The magician now picks up one of the kerchiefs from the hat and holds the same in front of her eyes and she at once correctly answers the question asked about its colour. When the magician picks up a blue hanky, she mumbles in a low subdued voice B-L-U-E, again when a red one is shown she says it is R-E-D and so on. To the audience this will appear as a genuine feat.

Now about the secret. VIBGYOR is a key word for this trick. The word is formed with the initial letters of the seven colours of the rainbow. There will be three

more colours in the magician's list e.g. white, black and mixed (spotted). The magician's assistant should carefully remember these ten colours in their serial order e.g. 1, violet; 2, indigo; 3, blue; 4, green; 5, yellow; 6, orange; 7, red; 8, white; 9, black and 10, mixed (spotted). Another of the magician's assistants is behind the wings backstage and he has a direct view of the table on which rest the multi-coloured kerchiefs. When any kerchief is raised up towards the eye of the assistant on the stage, the other assistant can see the same from behind the wings and he carries the message to her through a silent code using the numbers 1 to 10 according to the list given above. A very fine silk thread connects the two assistants as shown in the diagram. One end is tied to the little finger of the lady assistant on the stage (who is supposed to have "cler-vision"), the other end is passed to the hand of the assistant behind the



wings. If a violet handkerchief is shown the assistant gives one pull on the thread, and one pull means violet; similarly two pulls means indigo, seven pulls will mean red and so on. It is all very easy. When well practised this trick can be used for many other much bigger and spectacular items. I have seen many magicians who can make their lady assistants tell the number on borrowed notes and results of simple arithmetical sums written on a blackboard, with this device.

[Readers who want to know further details about this trick may write to the following address, giving reference to CHANDAMA. All correspondence should be in English and addressed to—Prof. P. C. Sorcar, Magician, Post Box 7888, Calcutta-12.]

AXE-PORRIDGE

AN old Solider was going home on leave. He was footsore and hungry. Coming to a village, he knocked at the door of the first hut. "May I come in and rest?" he asked.

An old woman opened the door.

"Come in, Soldier," she said.

"Have you anything to eat, good wife?"

The old woman had plenty of everything, but she was stingy, and so pretended she was poor.

"Ah, my good man, I haven't had anything to eat myself since yesterday."

"Well, if you haven't, you haven't," said the Soldier. Just then he noticed an axe without a handle lying under the bench.

"If there's nothing else, an axe will do to make porridge of," said the Soldier.

The old woman stared at him. "Porridge out of an axe?"

"Why yes, you just give me a pot."

So the old woman brought a pot. The Soldier washed the axe, put it in the pot, poured some water in and put it on the fire.

The old woman's eyes fairly popped out of her head.

The Soldier got out a spoon and began to stir the broth. Then he tasted it.

"It will soon be ready," said the Soldier. "A pity I have no salt."

"I have some," said the old woman. "Here, salt it."

The Soldier salted it and tasted it again.

"A handful of groats would be just the thing," he said.

The old woman brought a little bag of groats from the larder.

"Here, thicken it properly."

The Soldier cooked and cooked, and stirred the meal, then tasted it again. The old woman could not take her eyes off him.

"Ah, that's a fine porridge," said the Soldier. "If we had a bit of butter it would be just the thing." The old woman found some butter too.

They buttered the porridge.

"Take a spoon, good wife."

So they began to eat the porridge and could not praise it enough.

"Well, well," marvelled the old woman. "I never thought one could make such tasty porridge out of an axe."

And the Soldier went on eating and laughing up his sleeve.

PENNY—WISE

ONCE there was a fool who had a boy-servant. At the end of a year the master paid the servant and dismissed him because he thought the servant was a great expense.

But his wife, the mistress, liked the boy who was very hard-working and very obedient. So, while sending him away she tipped him a penny.

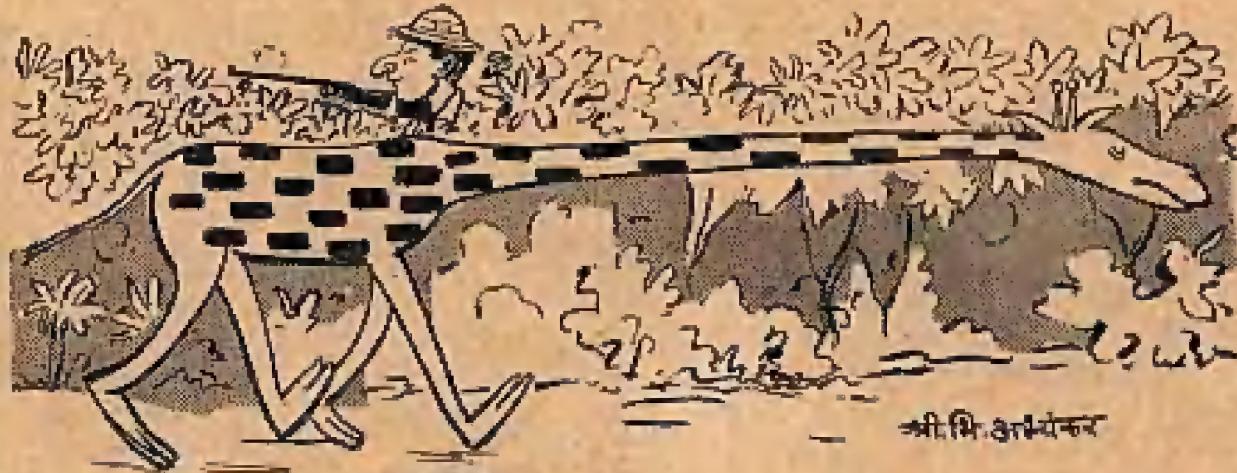
The servant thanked her and went away to his native place. Later, when the wife and husband happened to talk about the servant who was dismissed, the wife said, "we should not have sent him away. We will never get another servant like that. For all the services he had rendered to us I gave him a penny."

The husband got panicky on hearing this

"I paid him in full. He had no right to take that extra penny from you. I cannot sleep until I recover it from him," he said.

The fool at once started for the servant's village, recovered the penny from him and returned home, spending a whole silver coin over the journey.

CLEVER GIRAFFE



FIRST HAND KNOWLEDGE

A certain rich man had a mango-orchard. It was the mango season and he wanted to eat some good fruit from the orchard.

So he called one of his servants who was recently engaged, and said to him, "Go to our orchard and bring some mango fruit. Mind you, bring only sweet ones. I don't want any insipid ones."

The servant went to the orchard and plucked some ripe mangoes. He took a bite from each one of them to make sure that they were really sweet. He rejected those which did not taste so very sweet and brought the rest to the master.

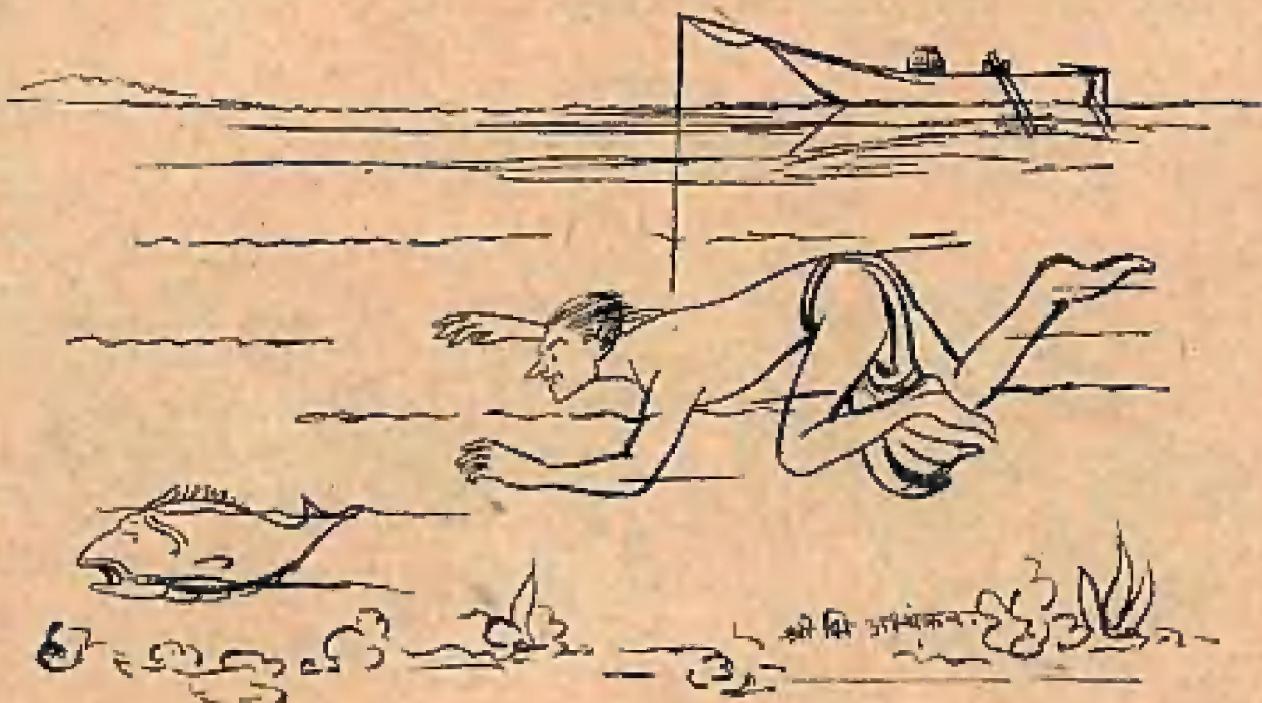
"Master," he said, "these fruit are really sweet."

"But they are all bitten, you fool!" said the master.

"Yes, master," the servant replied. "I tasted them. How else was I to know if they were really sweet?"



THE FISH THAT STOLE THE HOOK!



MERCURY

MERCURY is the smallest planet. It is the nearest to the Sun. It is slightly bigger than the Moon, with a diameter of 2,765 miles. (Moon's diameter is 2,163 miles).

It is visible to the naked eye but we cannot see it easily since it is very near the Sun, rising just before the Sun or setting just after it and often lost in the glow of the Sun. Like the Moon it has phases, appearing like a bright circle when beyond the Sun and a black spot on the Sun's disc when it is between the Earth and the Sun.

Mercury revolves round the Sun with a speed of 29 miles a second—over two and a half million miles a day—and takes 87 days, 23 hours and 15 minutes to make a complete round. So, that is a year for Mercury. Some people believe that it is also a day for Mercury.

How can Mercury's year and day be of the same length? It can be, if Mercury turns once on itself by the time it makes one round of the Sun. If this is true it means Mercury keeps always the same face to the Sun. (You can easily figure it out for yourself.)

Now, Mercury is much nearer the Sun than our Earth and the face that receives the heat and light of the Sun must be very hot indeed. In fact it is so hot that it can melt lead! The other half of Mercury which never sees the Sun must be frightfully cold.

If Mercury had an atmosphere, hot airs could blow from the hot side to the cold side, but it appears that there is neither atmosphere nor water on Mercury. So we can guess that no life can exist on this planet.

Compared to Mercury our earth is 17 times bigger and 22 times heavier. The surface area of the earth is 7 times greater than that of Mercury.

When Mercury comes nearest to the Earth it is 48 million miles away and when it goes farthest its distance from the Earth is 138 million miles.

ANCIENT ANIMALS

THE age of Reptiles was followed by the Age of Mammals. Even while the giant reptiles ruled the land, the water and the air there appeared a new type of creatures no larger than our rats and mice. They were *mammals*. These creatures were superior to the reptiles in several respects.

1. While most of the reptiles were cold blooded these mammals were warm blooded—that is to say, the temperature of their blood remained constant even in very cold weather. Many parts of the earth became much colder towards the end of the Age of Reptiles and these mammals survived the cold because of their warm blood, and also because they were covered with fur which kept them warm. 2. Compared to the reptiles which moved clumsily the mammals were very fast movers. They could escape their enemy easily and preserve themselves. 3. They could protect their young much better than the reptiles which laid eggs and left them to their fate. The female mammals bore their young alive, fed them with milk from their own bodies and guarded them until they could look after themselves. (They are called mammals because they feed their young with milk from their breast.) 4. Most important of all, the mammals had bigger brains than the reptiles in proportion to their bodies. The giant reptiles were quite stupid but the mammals were cleverer.

During the Age of Mammals thousands of kinds of mammals developed, including man. The Age of Mammals began some 60 million years ago and is still continuing. Some of the mammals were giants. We shall know about them next month.



BLIND OBEDIENCE

ONCE a merchant was travelling with his wares loaded on a camel. The load was too much for the camel and after a time it could not proceed a step. The merchant decided to purchase another camel in order to divide the load.

"Wait here," he told his men, "while I get another camel. And, in case it should rain protect the boxes from getting wet."

While he was away it did rain and his men promptly emptied all the boxes of their contents and covered the boxes so that they did not get wet.

When the merchant returned with another camel he found all his wares completely drenched.

"What have you done, fools?" the merchant asked his men in anger.

"Sir," they replied, "you told us to protect the boxes from getting wet, and so we did!"

The merchant realised that it was not possible to talk sense to a fool.

MARK THE SPOT!

A fool was making a voyage on sea. In mid-ocean, one day, he was leaning against the side of the boat when accidentally, a rupee coin fell from his hand into the water.

"Stop the boat!" he cried. "I've dropped a coin!"

But the sailors refused to stop the boat saying, "We have no time to waste here. The wind is favourable and we must make shore before sunset."

"All right," said the fool. "Note the arrangement of the bubbles here, so that we can identify the spot on our return journey and pick up my rupee!"

THE BACK COVER

PORTRAIT ON THE WALL—7

MISTRESS Clever told Chuang to help her cut out paper birds. Both of them together cut out several birds of all sizes and shapes.

Mistress Clever tossed all these birds into the air, singing,

"Fly away, little sisters, fly, fly away

But first drop some feathers for me today!"

In an instant, thousands of birds filled the evening sky, their beating wings blocking out the moon-light.

As the birds flew about in the sky, beautiful feathers of every shade and colour came fluttering down, and thickly carpeted the ground.

Chuang and Mistress Clever collected these feathers and spun them into thread. They wove the thread into cloth for the Emperor's robe.

On this cloth they began to embroider the phoenix and the dragon. But by the evening of the third day they had not finished the sea and the sun.

Because of this failure Chuang began to weep. His tears fell on the robe and became the sea.

At the same time the needle pricked the finger of Mistress Clever and it began to bleed. Her blood fell on the robe and became the sun.

The robe was finished just in time.

On November 14, Prime Minister Nehru was 66. Among those who sent him messages were President Eisenhower, Marshal Bulganin, Dr. Ho Chi-minh and Mr. Khrushchev. This day was celebrated as the National Festival of Children all over the country. Nehru attended a children's festival of dance, music and drill in the National Stadium. Among the birthday gifts to Nehru were 764 schools, land gifts of 1729 acres, libraries and sports equipment worth Rs. 47,830 and so on. The total value of the gifts was estimated at about Rs. 50 lakhs.

* * * *

On November 17, Prime Minister Nehru poured the first bucket of concrete into the foundation of the Bhakra Dam, in the dry river bed of the Sutlej. The Bhakra Dam will be the highest straight gravity dam in the world.

* * * *

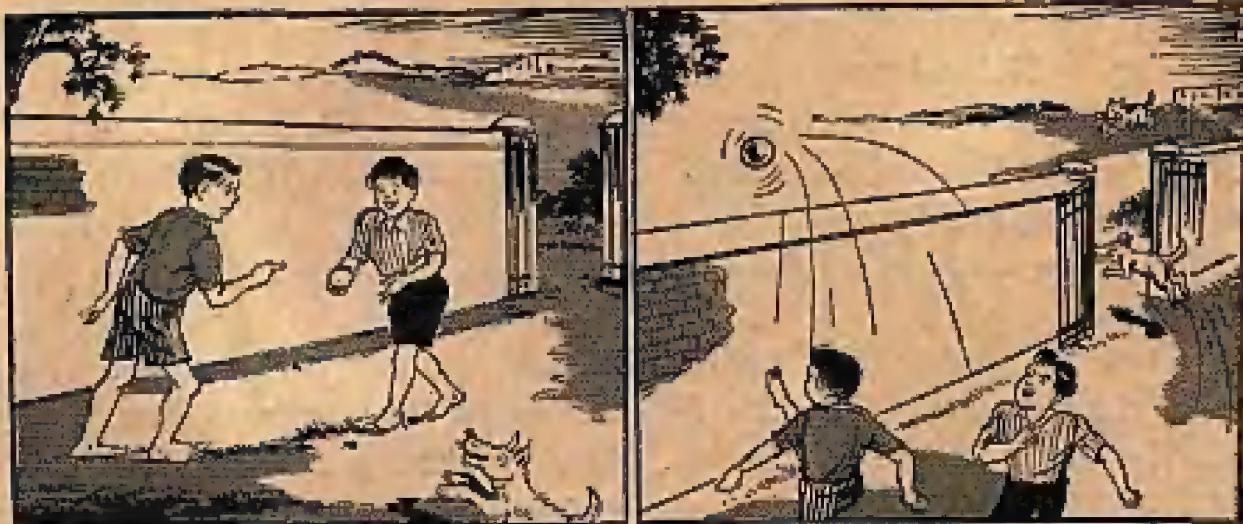
The Soviet Prime Minister Nikolai A. Bulganin and the first secretary of the Communist Party of the USSR, Mr. Nikita S. Khrushchev arrived in New Delhi on November 18 on a fifteen-day goodwill visit to India and they were accorded unprecedented welcome. During their tour they visited Agra, the Bhakra-Nangal Canal, Bombay, Bangalore, Coimbatore, Ooty, Madras and Calcutta. From Calcutta they went to Burma and returned back to India on December 7 to visit Asansol, Sindri Factory, Chittaranjan Works, Jayapur and Srinagar.

* * * *

President Prasad's seventy-first birthday was celebrated on December 3, at New Delhi.



Picture Story



One Sunday, Dass and Vass obtained a rubber ball and began playing "football." Whenever they happened to kick the ball over the compound wall, "Tiger" would run out and return with the ball.

The third or forth time "Tiger" went out to fetch the ball it saw another dog with a bone in its mouth. "Tiger" forgot all about the ball and fought the other dog for the bone. Dass and Vass were amazed to see "Tiger" returning with the bone while the other dog ran away with the ball.

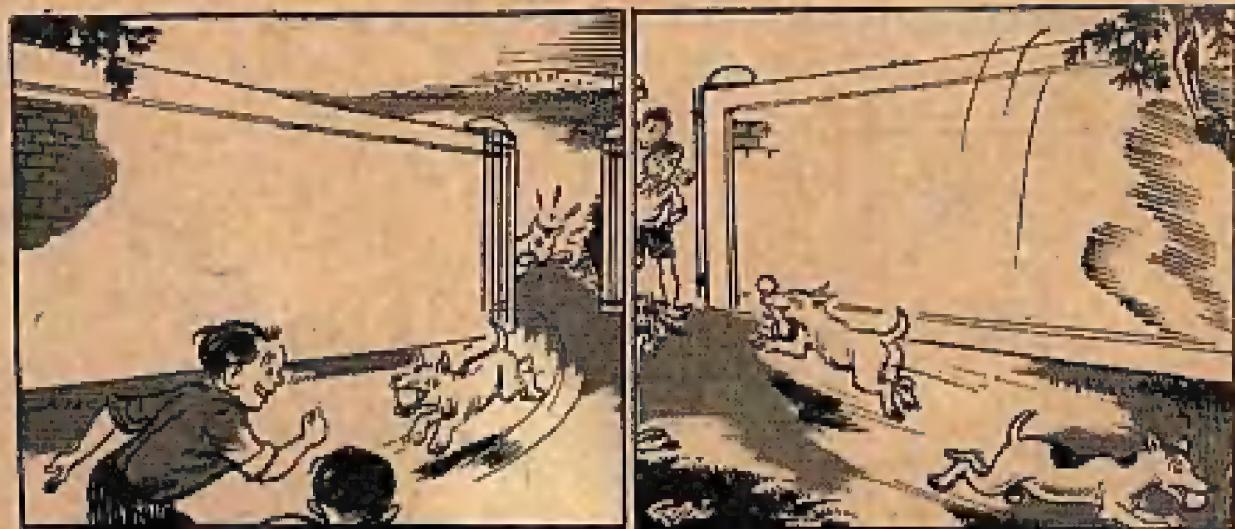
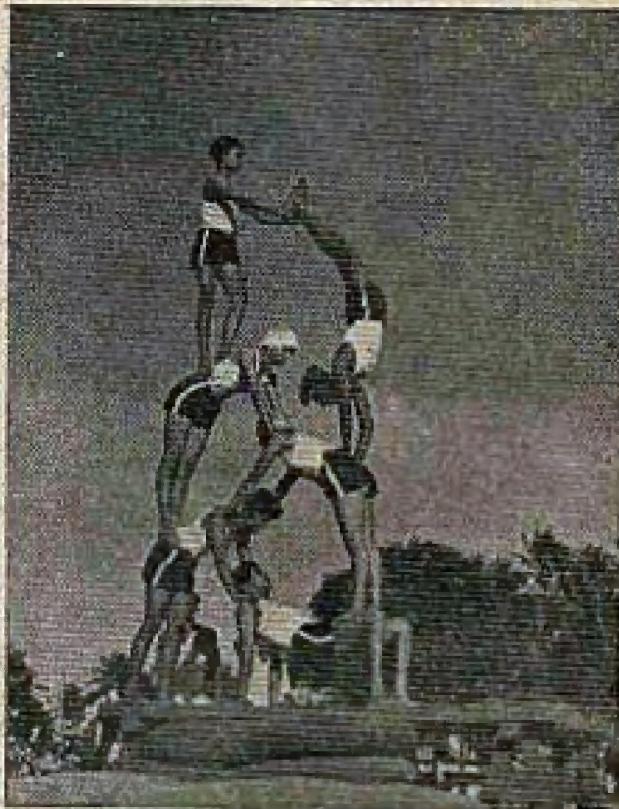


PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

MARCH 1956

::

AWARD Rs. 10/-



- ★ Choose apt and significant captions for the above pair of photos. The captions should go in a pair, either words, phrases or short sentences.
- ★ The captions should reach us before 10th of January '56.

The pair of captions considered best will be awarded Rs. 10/-

- ★ Please write legibly or type the captions on a postcard and address it to: "Chandamama Photo Caption Competition," Madras-26.

RESULTS FOR JANUARY

I. *Photo : Country Jury*

II. *Photo : Caged Fury*

Contributed by :

U. V. SATYANARAYANA, Palm-Grove, Maharanipet, Vizag.

AWARD Rs. 10.



NEWS ITEMS

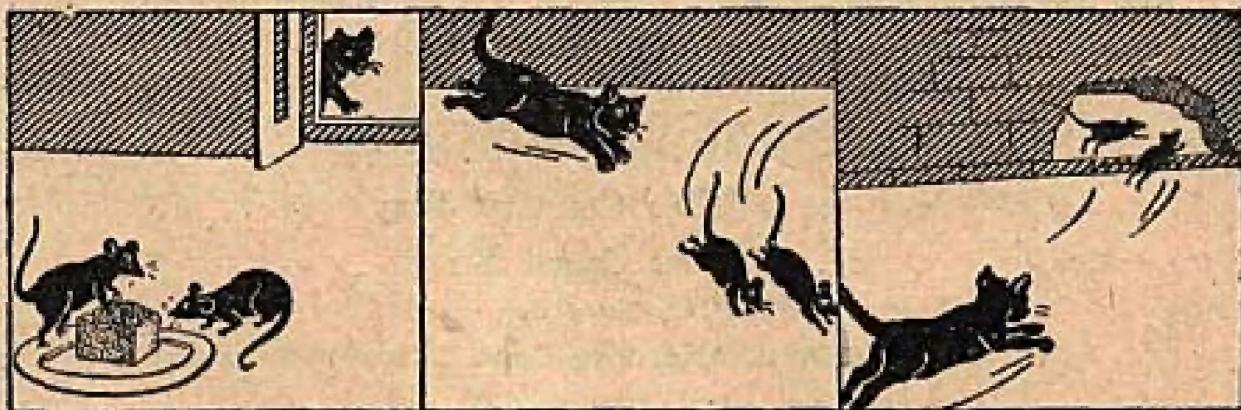
For the first time, a competition for the State awards for printing and designing of books was instituted by the Union Ministry of Information and Broadcasting. On November 8, Vice-President Radhakrishnan presented the awards. The first prize for books for children below 10 went to "Chootoder Chabi" (Bengali) and "Nane Lagur Ki Kahani" (Hindi). The first prize for books for children over 10 went to "Khai-Khai" (Bengali) and the second prize to "Chhutir Dine Maghergalpa" (Bengali). The first prize for daily newspapers in English went to the "Statesman" and the Indian languages to "Navabharat Times."

* * * *

The National Academy of Letters has started a world-wide search for texts of Kalidasa's dramas. Later, the Academy plans to publish a series of his plays in popular editions at low prices.

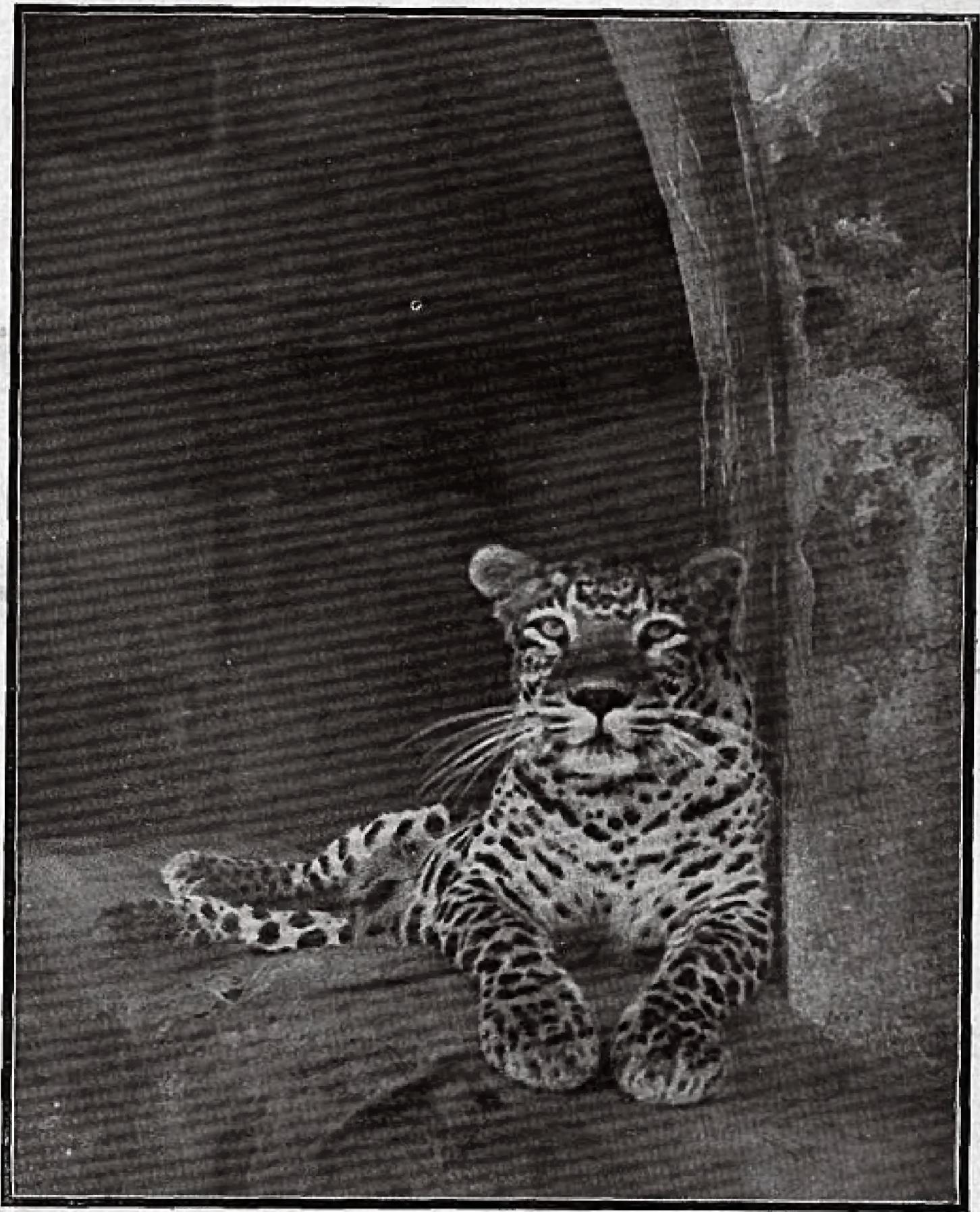
* * * *

In the South the districts of Tanjore, Ramnad and Madura were severely hit by cyclone and rice was dropped by air for the relief of victims.



Chandamama, Jan. '56

Photo by Pranlal K. Patel



Winning
Caption

CAGED FURY

Contributed by
U. V. Satyanarayana, Virag

